



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

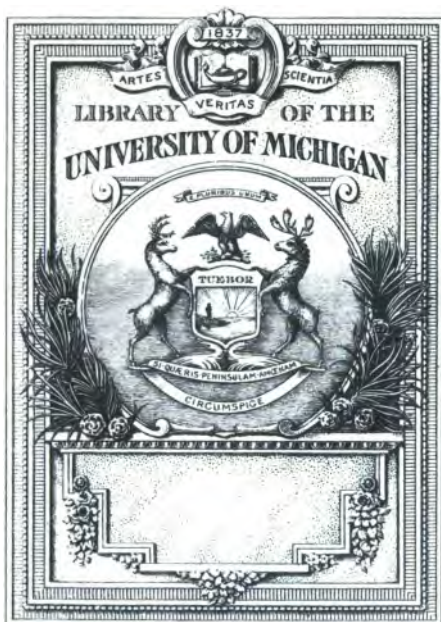
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

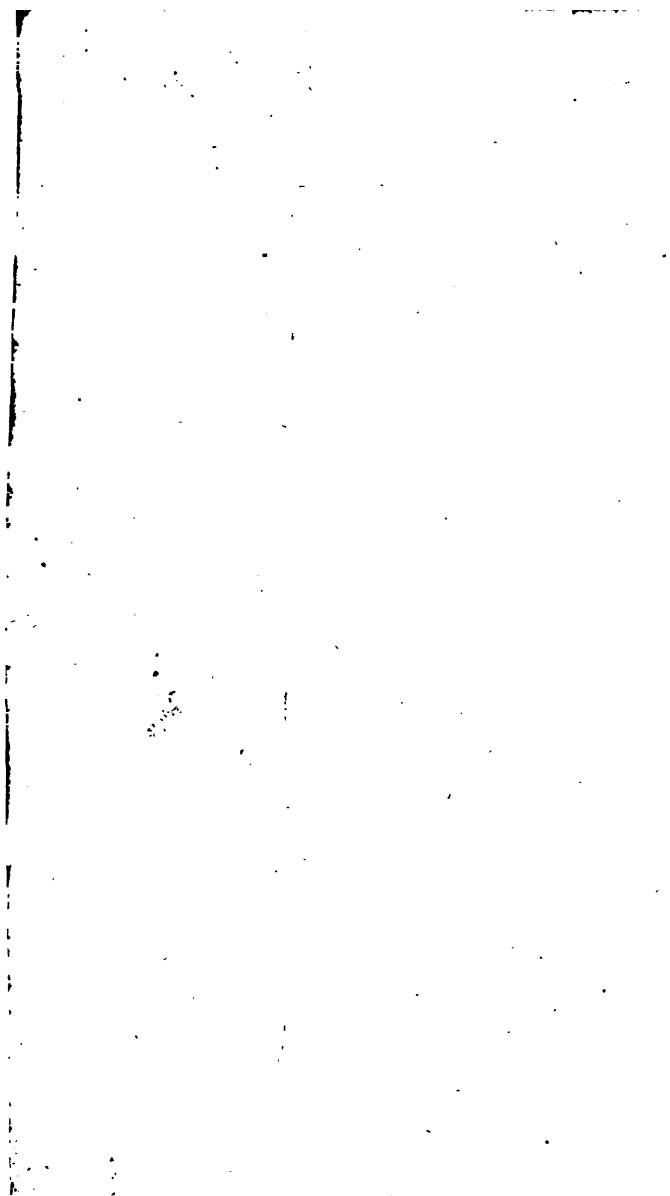
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

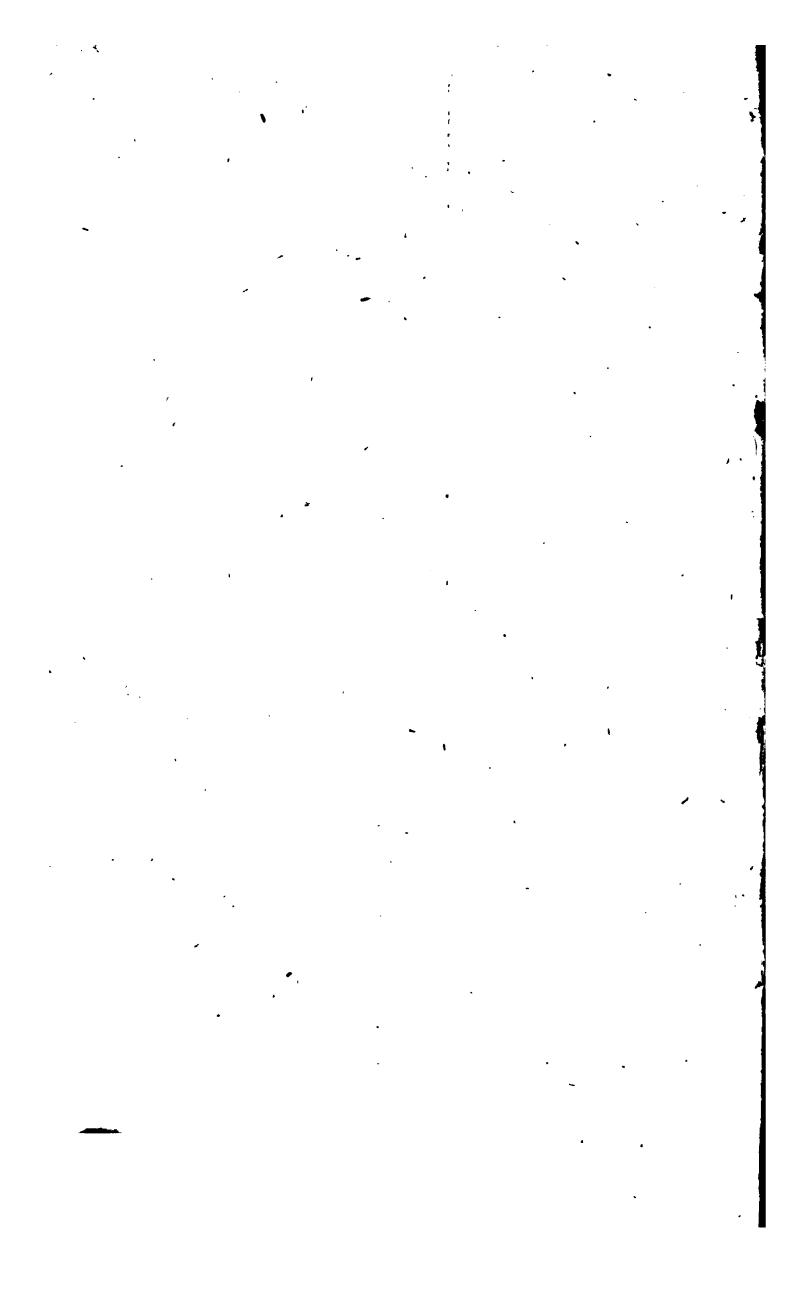
W/L

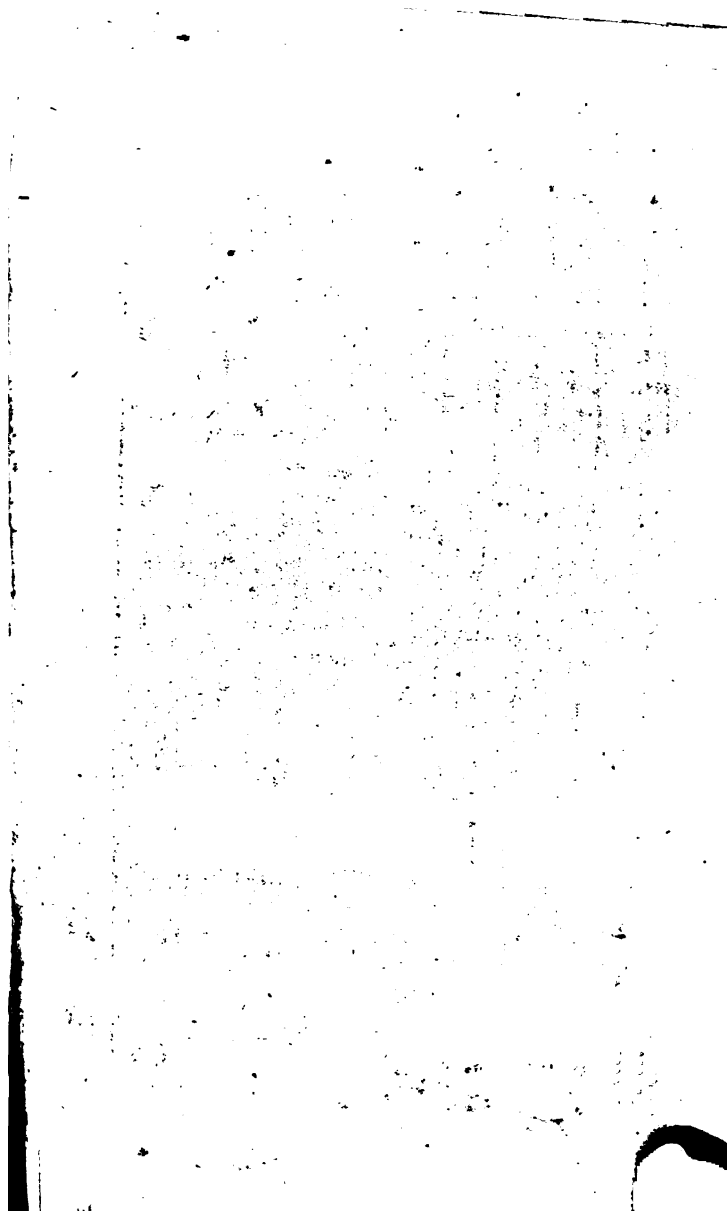


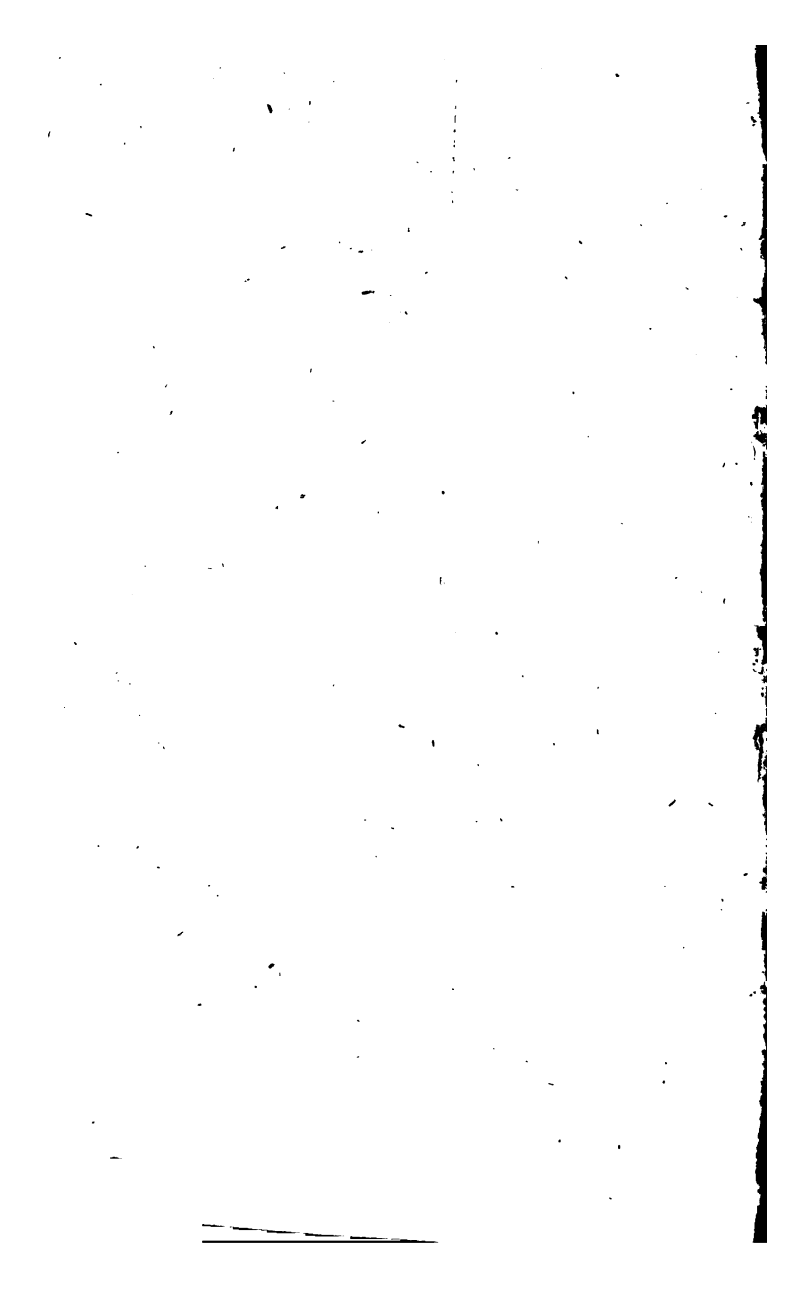
828
P786
1736

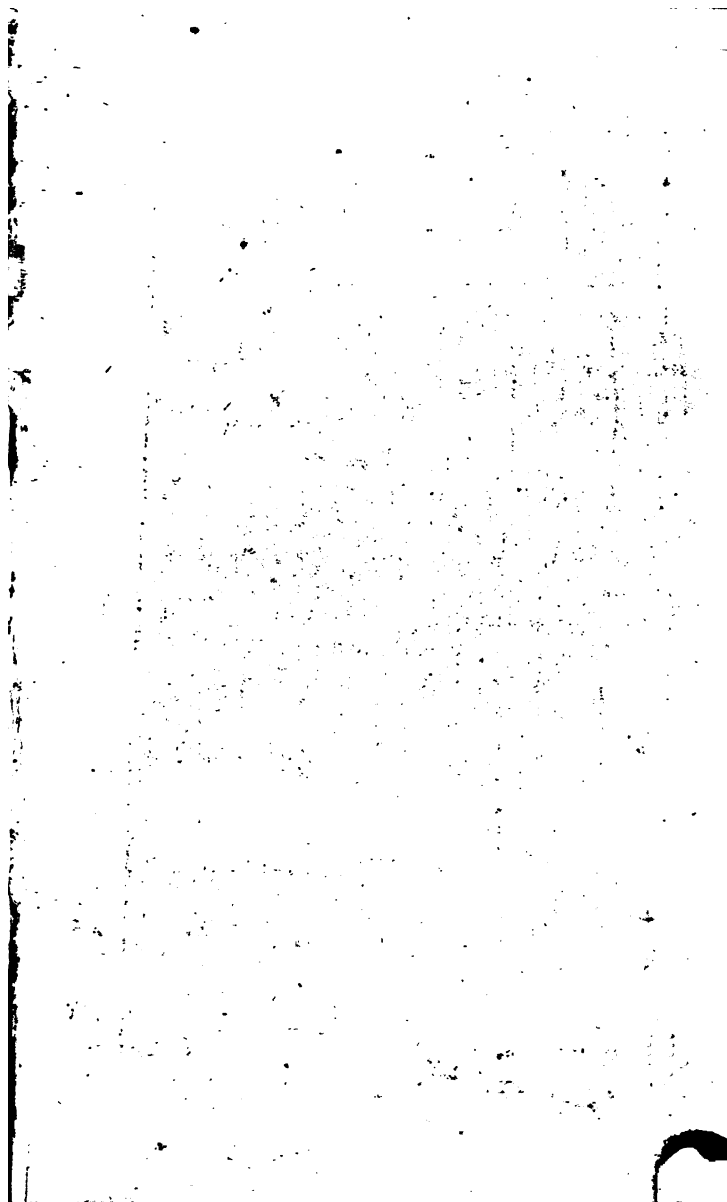














B A New June 1800

P O E M S

U P O N

Several Occasions.

BY THE

Reverend Mr. JOHN POMFRET.

V I Z.

I. The CHOICE.

II. LOVE Triumphant over REASON.

III. CRUELTY and LUST.

IV. On the DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

V. A Prospect of DEATH.

VI. On the CONFLAGRATION, and
Last JUDGMENT.

The TENTH EDITION, Corrected.

With some Account

Of his LIFE and WRITINGS.

To which are Added,

His R E M A I N S.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *Ed. Cook*, near *Ludgate-Hill*, and Sold
by the Booksellers in Town and Country. 1736.

Libt.
Howes
2-16-26
12770



T H E
P R E F A C E.



T will be to little Purpose, the AUTHOR presumes, to offer any Reasons, why the following POEMS appear in Publick; for 'tis ten to one whether he gives the true; and if he does, 'tis much greater Odds whether the gentle Reader is so courteous as to believe him. He could tell the World, according to the laudable Custom of Prefaces, that it was through the irresistible Importunity of Friends, or some other Excuse of ancient Renown, that he ventur'd them
to

P R E F A C E.

to the Press; but he thought it much better to leave every Man to guess for himself, and then he would be sure to satisfy himself. For, let what will be pretended, People are grown so very apt to fancy they are always in the Right, that unless it hit their Humour, 'tis immediately condemned for a Sham, and Hypocrisy.

In short, that which wants an Excuse for being in Print, ought not to have been printed at all; but whether the ensuing POEMS deserve to stand in that Class, the World must have Leave to determine. What Faults the true Judgment of the *Gentleman* may find out, 'tis to be hop'd his Candour and good Humour will easily pardon; but those which the Peevishness and Ill-nature of the *Critick* may discover, must expect

P R E F A C E.

expect to be unmercifully us'd; tho' methinks it is a very preposterous Pleasure to scratch other Persons till the Blood comes, and then Laugh at, and Ridicule them.

Some Persons perhaps may wonder, how *things* of this *Nature* dare come into the World without the Protection of some Great Name, as they call it, and a fullsome *Epistle Dedicatory* to his *Grace*, or *Right Honourable*: For if a *POEM* struts out under my *Lord's Patronage*, the *Author* imagines 'tis no less than *Scandalum Magnatum* to dislike it; especially if he thinks fit to tell the World, that this same Lord is a Person of wonderful *Wit* and *Understanding*, a notable Judge of *Poetry*, and a very considerable *Poet* himself.

But

P R E F A C E.

But if a POEM have no Intrinſick Excellencies, and real Beauties, the Greateſt Name in the World will never induce a Man of Senſe to approve it; and if it has them, *Tom Piper's* is as good as my *Lord Duke's*; the only Difference is, *Tom* claps half an Ounce of Snuff into the Poet's Hand, and his *Grace* Twenty Guineas. For indeed there lies the Strength of a Great Name, and the beſt Protection an *Author* can receive from it.

To pleaſe every one, would be a new Thing, and to write ſo as to pleaſe no Body, would be as new; for even QUARLES and WYTHERS have their Admirers. The *Author* is not ſo fond of Fame, to deſire it from the Injudicious Many; nor of ſo mortified a Temper,

P R E F A C E.

per, not to wish it from the Discerning Few. 'Tis not the Multitude of Applauses, but the good Sense of the Applauders, which establishes a valuable Reputation; And if a RYMER or a CONGREVE say 'tis well, he will not be at all solicitous how great the Majority may be to the contrary.

L O N D O N,
Anno 1699.

T H E



THE
CONTENTS.

T HE Choice.	Page 1
Love Triumphant over Reason, a Vision.	8
The Fortunate Complaint.	30
Strephon's Love for Delia justify'd in an Epistle to Celadon.	37
An Epistle to Delia.	42
A Pastoral Essay on the Death of Queen Mary.	48
To his Friend under Affliction.	57
To another Friend under Affliction.	60
To his Friend inclin'd to Marry.	64
To a Painter drawing Dorinda's Pic- ture.	65
To the Painter after he had finish'd Dorinda's Picture.	66
Cruelty and Lust, an Epistolary Essay.	67
On the Marriage of the Earl of A— with the Countess of S —	82
An	

THE CONTENTS.

*An Inscription for the Monument of
Diana Countess of Oxford and Elgin.*

87

The Same; attempted in English.

88

Upon the Divine Attributes.

90

Eleazer's Lamentation.

105

A Prospect of Death.

112

*On the General Conflagration, and en-
suing Judgment.*

121

Mr. Pomfret's Remains; viz.

Reason, a Satire.

1

Dies Novissima: Or, the last Epiphany.

A Pindarick Ode.

8

POEMS

1. The first of these is the fact that the
the first of these is the fact that the

the first of these is the fact that the
the first of these is the fact that the
the first of these is the fact that the

the first of these is the fact that the
the first of these is the fact that the
the first of these is the fact that the

the first of these is the fact that the
the first of these is the fact that the
the first of these is the fact that the

the first of these is the fact that the
the first of these is the fact that the
the first of these is the fact that the

the first of these is the fact that the
the first of these is the fact that the
the first of these is the fact that the



P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

The CHOICE.



F Heaven the grateful Liberty would
give,
That I might chuse my Method how
to live;
And all those Hours propitious Fate
should lend,
In blissful Ease, and Satisfaction spend.

Near some fair Town, I'd have a private Seat,
Built Uniform, not little, nor too great:
Better if on a rising Ground it stood;
On this side Fields, on that a neighb'ring Wood:
B It

2 POMFRET'S POEMS.

It should within, no other Things contain,
 But what were Useful, Necessary, Plain:
 Methinks 'tis Nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
 The needless Pomp of Gaudy Furniture.
 A little Garden, grateful to the Eye,
 And a Cool Rivulet run murm'ring by;
 On whose delicious Banks a stately Row
 Of shady Limes, or Sycamores should grow.
 At th' End of which a silent Study plac'd,
 Shou'd be with all the Noblest Author's Grac'd,
Horace, and *Virgil*, in whose mighty Lines
 Immortal Wit, and Solid Learning shines.
 Sharp *Juvenal*, and Am'rous *Ovid* too,
 Who all the Turns of Love's soft Passion knew;
 He that with Judgment reads his charming Lines
 In which strong Art, with stronger Nature joins,
 Must grant his Fancy does the best Excel;
 His Thoughts so tender, and Express'd so well.
 With all those Moderns, Men of steady Sense,
 Esteem'd for Learning, and for Eloquence.
 In some of these, as Fancy should Advise,
 I'd always take my Morning Exercise:
 For sure no Minutes bring us more Content,
 Than those in Pleasing, Useful Studies spent.

I'd have a Clear, and Competent Estate,
 That I might Live Genteelly, but not Great.
 As much as I could moderately spend,
 A little more, sometimes t' Oblige a Friend.

Not

Nor should the Sons of Poverty Repine
 Too much at Fortune, they should Taste of Mine;
 And all that Objects of true Pity were
 Should be Reliev'd with what my Wants could spare.
 For that, our Maker has too largely giv'n,
 Should be return'd, in Gratitude to Heaven.
 A frugal Plenty should my Table spread;
 With Healthy, not Luxurious Dishes Fed:
 Enough to Satisfy, and something more
 To Feed the Stranger, and the Neighbouring Poor.
 Strong Meat indulges Vice, and Pamp'ring Food
 Creates Diseases, and inflames the Blood.
 But what's sufficient to make Nature strong,
 And the bright Lamp of Life continue long,
 I'd freely take, and as I did Possess,
 The Bounteous Author of my Plenty Bless.

I'd have a little Vault, but always stor'd
 With the best Wines, each Vintage could afford.
 Wine whets the Wit, improves its Native Force,
 And gives a pleasant Flavour to Discourse:
 By making all our Spirits Debonair,
 Throws of the Lees, the Sediment of Care.
 But as the greatest Blessing Heaven lends,
 May be Debauch'd, and serve Ignoble Ends:
 So, but too oft, the Grapes refreshing Juice
 Does many Mischievous Effects produce:
 My House should no such rude Disorders know,
 As from high Drinking consequently flow.

4 POMFREY'S POEMS.

Nor would I use what was so kindly giv'n,
 To the Dishonour of indulgent Heaven.
 If any Neighbour came, he should be free
 Us'd with Respect, and not uneasy be,
 In my Retreat, or to himself, or me.
 What Freedom, Prudence, and right Reason give,
 All Men may with Impunity receive:
 But the least swerving from their Rule's too much;
 For what's forbidden us, 'tis Death to touch.

That Life might be more comfortable yet,
 And all my Joys refin'd, sincere, and great;
 I'd chuse two Friends, whose Company would be
 A great Advance to my Felicity.
 Well born, of Humours suited to my own;
 Discreet, and Men, as well as Books, have known,
 Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free
 From loose Behaviour, or Formality.
 Airy, and prudent, merry, but not light;
 Quick in discerning, and in judging right.
 Secret they should be, faithful to their Trust;
 In reas'ning cool, strong, temperate, and just;
 Obliging, open, without huffing, brave,
 Brisk in gay Talking, and in sober, grave;
 Close in Dispute, but not tenacious, try'd
 By solid Reason, and let that decide;
 Not prone to Lust, Revenge, or envious Hate;
 Nor busy Medlers with Intrigues of State;
 Strangers to Slander, and sworn Foes to Spight;
 Not quarrellsome, but stout enough to fight;
 Loyal,

POMFRET'S POEMS.

5

Loyal, and pious, Friends to *Cæsar*, true
As dying Martyrs, to their Maker too.
In their Society, I could not miss
A permanent, sincere, substantial Bliss.

Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd
(For who would so much Satisfaction loose, [choose
As witty Nymphs, in Conversation give,)
Near some obliging, modest Fair to live;
For there's that Sweetness in a Female Mind,
Which in a Man's we cannot hope to find:
That by a secret, but a pow'rful Art,
Winds up the Spring of Life, and does impart
Fresh Vital Heat, to the transported Heart.

3

I'd have her Reason all her Passions sway;
Easy in Company, in private gay:
Coy to a Fop, to the deserving free,
Still constant to her self, and just to me.
A Soul she should have, for great Actions fit;
Prudence, and Wisdom to direct her Wit:
Courage to look bold Danger in the Face,
No Fear, but only to be proud, or base:
Quick to advise, by an Emergence prest,
To give good Counsel, or to take the best.
I'd have th' Expression of her Thoughts be such,
She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much;
That shews a want of Judgment and of Sense:
More than enough is but Impertinence.

6 POMFREY'S POEMS.

Her Conduct Regular, her Mirth Refin'd,
Civil to Strangers, to her Neighbours kind;
Averse to Vanity, Revenge, and Pride,
In all the Methods of Deceit untry'd.
So Faithful to her Friend, and good to all,
No Censure might upon her Actions fall:
Then would e'en Envy be compell'd to say,
She goes the least of Woman-kind astray.

To this Fair Creature I'd sometimes retire,
Her Conversation would new Joys inspire;
Give Life an Edge so keen, no surly Care
Would venture to Assault my Soul, or dare
Near my Retreat to hide one secret Snare.
But so Divine, so Noble a Repast
I'd seldom, and with Moderation, taste.
For Highest Cordials all their Virtue loose,
By a too frequent, and too bold an Use:
And what would Cheer the Spirits in Distress;
Ruins our Health, when taken to Excess.

I'd be concern'd in no Litigious Jar,
Belov'd by all, not vainly Popular,
Whate'er Assistance I had Pow'r to bring
T'Oblige my Country, or to Serve my King,
Whene'er they Call'd, I'd readily afford
My Tongue, my Pen, my Counsel, or my Sword.
Law Suits I'd shun, with as much studious Care,
As I would Dens where hungry Lions are:

And

POMFREY'S POEMS. 7

And rather put up Injuries; than be
A Plague to him, who'd be a Plague to me.
I value Quiet at a Price too great,
To give for my Revenge so dear a Rate:
For what do we by all our Bustle gain,
But counterfeit Delight, for real Pain?

If Heaven a Date of many Years would give,
Thus I'd in Pleasure, Ease, and Plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the Verge of Life,
Some kind Relation, (for I'd have no Wife)
Should take upon him all my Worldly Care,
While I did for a better State prepare;
Then I'd not be with any Trouble vex'd;
Nor have the Ev'ning of my Days perplex'd.
But by a silent, and a peaceful Death,
Without a Sigh, resign my Aged Breath:
And when committed to the Dust, I'd have
Few Tears, but Friendly, dropt into my Grave.
Then would my Exit so propitious be;
All Men would wish to Live, and Dye, like Me.



LOVE



LOVE

Triumphant over

REASON.

A VISION.



HO' gloomy Thoughts disturb'd my
anxious Breast,

All the long Night, and drove away
my Rest.

Just as the dawning Day began to
rise,

A grateful Slumber clos'd my waking Eyes:

But active Fancy to strange Regions flew,

And brought surprising Objects to my View.

Methought I walk'd in a delightful Grove,
The soft Retreat of Gods, when Gods make Love.
Each beautiful Object my charm'd Soul amaz'd,
And I on each with equal Wonder gaz'd;
Nor knew which most delighted, all was fine,
The noble Product of some Pow'r Divine.

But

POMFREY'S POEMS. 2

But as I travers'd the obliging Shade,
Which Myrtle, Jessamin, and Roses made,
I saw a Person whose Celestial Face
At first declar'd her, Goddess of the Place;
But I discover'd, when approaching near,
An Aspect full of Beauty, but severe:
Bold, and Majestic, ev'ry awful Look
Into my Soul a secret Terror struck.
Advancing farther on, she made a stand,
And beckon'd me, I kneeling, kiss'd her Hand:
Then thus begun——bright Deity! for so
You are, no Mortal such Perfections know;
I may intrude, but how I was convey'd
To this strange place, or by what pow'rful Aid,
I'm wholly ignorant, nor know I more,
Or where I am, or whom I do adore:
Instruct me then, that I no longer may
In Darkness serve the Goddess I obey.

Youth, she reply'd, this place belongs to one,
By whom you'll be, and Thousands are undone.
These pleasant Walks, and all these shady Bow'rs
Are in the Government of dang'rous Pow'rs.
Love's the capricious Master of this Coast,
This fatal Labyrinth where Fools are lost.
I dwell not here amidst these gaudy Things,
Whose short Enjoyment no true Pleasure brings;
But have an Empire of a nobler kind,
My regal Seat's in the celestial Mind:

Where

PO . POMFRET'S POEMS.

Where with a God-like, and a Peaceful Hand
I Rule, and make those Happy, I Command.
For while I Govern, all within's at Rest;
No Stormy Passion Revels in the Breast:
But when my Pow'r is Despicable grown,
And Rebel Appetites Usurp my Throne,
The Soul no longer quiet Thoughts enjoys;
But all is Tumult, and Eternal Noise.
Know, Youth! I'm Reason, which you've oft despiz'd,
I am that Reason, which you never Priz'd:
And tho' my Arguments Successless prove,
(For Reason seems Impertinence in Love.)
Yet I'll not see my Charge, (for all Mankind
Are to my Guardianship by Heav'n design'd)
Into the Grasp of any Ruin run,
That I can warn 'em of, and they may shun.
Fly, Youth, these Guilty Shades, retreat in time
E'er your Mistake's converted to a Crime;
For Ignorance no longer can atone,
When once the Error and the Fault is known.
You thought perhaps, as Giddy Youth inclines,
Imprudently to value all that Shines,
In these Retirements freely to possess
True Joy, and strong substantial Happiness.
But here Gay Folly keeps her Court, and here
In Crowds her Tributary Fops appear;
Who blindly Lavish of their Golden Days,
Consume them all in her Fallacious Ways.
Pert Love with her, by joint Commission Rules
In this Capacious Realm of Idle Fools,

Who

POMFRET'S POEMS. 11

Who by false Arts, and Popular Deceits,
 The Careless, Fond, Unthinking Mortal Cheats.
 'Tis easy to descend into the Snare,
 By the pernicious Conduct of the Fair;
 But Safely to return from this Abode
 Requires the Wit, the Prudence of a God;
 Tho' you, who have not tasted that Delight,
 Which only at a Distance charms your Sight;
 May with a little Toil retrieve your Heart,
 Which lost, is subject to Eternal Smart.
 Bright *Delia's* Beauty, I must needs confess,
 Is truly Great, nor would I make it less:
 That were to wrong Her, where the Merits most,
 But Dragons guard the Fruit, and Rocks the Coast.
 And who would run, that's moderately Wise,
 A certain Danger, for a doubtful Prize?
 If you miscarry, you are lost so far,
 (For there's no erring Twice in Love, and War)
 You'll ne'er recover, but must always Wear
 Those Chains you'll find it difficult to bear.
Delia has Charms I own, such Charms would move,
 Old Age, and frozen Impotence to Love;
 But do not Venture where such Danger lies,
 Avoid the Sight of those Victorious Eyes,
 Whose pois'nous Rays do to the Soul impart
 Delicious Ruin, and a pleasing Smart.
 You draw, Insensibly, Destruction near,
 And Love the Danger, which you ought to fear.
 If the light Pains, you labour under Now,
 Destroy your Ease, and make your Spirits Bow?
You'll

12 POMFRET'S POEMS.

You'll find 'em much more grievous to be born,
 When heavier made by an imperious Scorn.
 Nor can you hope, she will your Passion hear
 With softer Notions, or a kinder Ear,
 Than those of other Swains, who always found,
 She rather widen'd, than clos'd up the Wound.
 But grant she should indulge your Flame, and give
 Whate'er you'd ask, nay all you can receive;
 The short liv'd Pleasure would so quickly cloy,
 Bring such a weak, and such a feeble Joy,
 You'd have but small Encouragement to boast
 The Tinsel Rapture worth the Pains it cost.
 Consider, *Strophon*, soberly of Things,
 What strange Inquietudes Love always brings.
 The foolish Fears, vain Hopes, and Jealousies,
 Which still attend upon this fond Disease;
 How you must cringe and bow, submit and whine,
 Call ev'ry Feature, ev'ry Look Divine;
 Commend each Sentence with an humble Smile,
 Tho' Nonsense, swear it is a heavenly Stile.
 Servilely rail at all she disapproves,
 And as ignobly, flatter all she loves.
 Renounce your very Sense, and silent sit,
 While she puts off Impertinence for Wit.
 Like Setting-Dog new whip'd for springing Game,
 You must be made by due Correction tame:
 But if you can endure the nauseous Rule
 Of Woman, do, love on, and be a Fool.
 You know the Danger, your own Methods use,
 The Good, or Evil's in your pow'r to chuse;

But

But who'd expect a short, and dubious Bliss
 On the declining of a Precipice:
 Where if he slips, not Fate it self can save
 The falling Wretch from an untimely Grave.

Thou great Directress of our Minds, said I,
 We safely on your Dictates may rely:
 And that which you have now so kindly prest
 Is true, and without Contradiction best;
 But with a steady Sentence to controul
 The Heat, and Vigour of a youthful Soul,
 While gay Temptations hover in our Sight,
 And daily bring new Objects of Delight,
 Which on us with surprizing Beauty smile,
 Is difficult, but 'tis a noble Toil.
 The best may slip, and the most cautious fall,
 He's more than Mortal that ne'er err'd at all;
 And, tho' fair *Delia* has my Soul possest,
 I'll chace her bright Idea from my Breast.
 At least I'll make one Essay, if I fail,
 And *Delia's* Charms o'er Reason does prevail,
 I may be sure from rigid Censures free,
 Love was my Foe, and Love's a Deity.

Then she rejoind, may you successful prove,
 In your Attempt to curb imperious Love,
 Then will proud Passion own her rightful Lord,
 You to your self, I to my Throne restor'd;
 But to confirm your Courage, and inspire
 Your Resolution with a bolder Fire,

14 POMFRET'S POEMS.

Follow me, Youth! I'll show you that shall move
Your Soul to Curse the Tyranny of Love.

Then she convey'd me to a Dismal Shade,
Which Melancholly Yew, and Cypress made;
Where I beheld an Antiquated Pile
Of rugged Building in a Narrow Isle;
The Water round it gave a Nauseous Smell,
Like Vapours Steeming from a Sulph'rous Cell.
The Ruin'd Wall compos'd of Stinking Mud,
O'ergrown with Hemlock, on Supporters Stood;
As did the Roof, ungrateful to the View
'Twas both an Hospital, and Bedlam too.
Before the Entrance, mould'ring Bones were Spread
Some Skeletons entire, some lately Dead,
A little Rubbish loosely Scatter'd, o'er
Their Bodies Uninterr'd, lay round the Door.
No Fun'ral Rites, to any here, were paid,
But Dead like Dogs into the Dust convey'd.
From hence, by Reason's Conduct, I was brought
Thro' various Turnings to a Spacious Vault,
Where, I beheld, and 'twas a Mournful Sight,
Vast Crowds of Wretches, all debarr'd from Light,
But what a few dim Lamps expiring had,
Which made the Prospect more amazing Sad;
Some Wept, Some Rav'd, Some Musically Mad. }
Some Swearing Loud, and Others Laughing; Some
Were always Talking, Others always Dumb.
Here One, a Dagger in his Breast, expires,
And quenches with his Blood his Am'rous Fires;
There

POMFRET'S POEMS. 15

There Hangs a Second, and not far Remov'd,
 A Third lies poison'd, who false *Celia* Lov'd.
 All Sorts of Madneſs, ev'ry Kind of Death,
 By which Unhappy Mortals loſe their Breath,
 Was there expos'd before my Wond'ring Eyes,
 The ſad Effect of Female Treacheries.
 Others I ſaw, which were not quite bereft
 Of Senſe, tho' very Small Remains were left,
 Curſing the fatal Folly of their Youth,
 For truſting to Perjurious Woman's Truth,
 Theſe on the Left. Upon the Right a View
 Of equal Horror, equal Miſ'ry too,
 Amazing, all employ'd my troubled thought,
 And with New Wonder, New Averſion brought.
 There I beheld a Wretched num'rous Throng
 Of Pale Lean Mortals, ſome lay ſtretch'd along
 On Beds of Straw, Diſconſolate and Poor,
 Others extended Naked on the Floor:
 Exil'd from Human Pity, here they lie
 And know no End of Miſ'ry till they Die:
 But Death which comes in Gay and Proſp'rous Days,
 Too Soon; in time of Miſery Delays.

Theſe Dreadful Spectacles had ſo much Pow'r,
 I Vow'd, and Solemnly, to Love no more:
 For ſure that Flame is Kindled from Below,
 Which breeds ſuch Sad variety of Woe.

Then we deſcending by ſome few Degrees
 From this Stupendous Scene of Miſeries;

16 POMFRET'S POEMS.

Bold Reason brought me to another Cave
 Dark as the inmost Chambers of the Grave.
 Here, Youth, she cry'd, in the acuteſt Pain
 Thoſe Villains lie, who have their Fathers ſlain.
 Stab'd their own Brothers, nay their Friends to pleaſe
 Ambitious, proud, revengeful Miſtreſſes;
 Who after all their Services, preferr'd
 Some rugged Fellow of the brawny Herd,
 Before theſe Wretches, who deſpairing dwell
 In Agonies no Human Tongue can tell.
 Darkneſs prevents the too amazing Sight,
 And you may bleſs the happy Want of Light.
 But my tormented Ears were fill'd with Sighs,
 Expiring Groans, and lamentable Cries,
 So very ſad I could endure no more,
 Methought I felt the Miſeries they bore.

Then to my Guide, ſaid I, for pity now
 Conduct me back, here I confirm my Vow;
 Which if I dare infringe, be this my Fate,
 To die thus Wretched, and repent too late.
 The Charms of Beauty I'll no more purſue;
Delia, farewel; farewel for ever too.

Then we return'd to the delightful Grove,
 Where Reason ſtill diſſwaded me from Love.
 You ſee, ſhe cry'd, what Miſery attends
 On Love, and where too frequently it ends;
 And let not that unweilded Paſſion ſway
 Your Soul, which none but whining Fools obey.

The

The Masculine, brave Spirit, scorns to own
 That proud Usurper of my sacred Throne;
 Nor with Idolatrous Devotion pays
 To the false God; or Sacrifice, or Praise.
 The Syren's Musick, charms the Sailor's Ear,
 But he is ruin'd if he stops to hear;
 And if you listen, Love's harmonious Voice,
 As much delights, as certainly destroys.
Ambrosia mix'd with *Aconite* may have
 A pleasant Taste but sends you to the Grave;
 For tho' the Latent Poison may be still
 A while, it very seldom fails to kill.
 But who'd partake the Food of Gods to die
 Within a Day, or live in Misery,
 Who'd eat with Emperors, if o'er his Head
 A Boniard hung, but by a single Thread? *
 Love's Banquets are extravagantly sweet,
 And either kill, or surfeit all that eat;
 Who, when the sated Appetite is tir'd,
 Even loath the Thoughts of what they once admir'd.
 You've promis'd, *Strepson*, to forsake the Charms
 Of *Delia*, tho' she courts you to her Arms;
 And sure I may your Resolution trust,
 You'll never want Temptation, but be just:
 Vows of this Nature, Youth, must not be broke;
 You're always bound, tho' 'tis a gentle Yoke;

* *The Feast of Democles.*

C. 3.

Would!

18 POMFRET'S POEMS;

Would Men be Wise, and my Advice pursue;
 Love's Conquest would be small, his Triumphs few;
 For nothing can oppose his Tyranny,
 With such a Prospect of Success as I:
 Me he detests, and from my Presence flies,
 Who know his Arts, and Stratagems despise;
 By which he cancels mighty Wisdom's Rules—
 To make himself the Deity of Fools:
 Him dully they Adore, him blindly Serve,
 Some while they're Sots, and other while they Starve.
 For those, who under his Wild Conduct go,
 Either come Coxcombs, or he makes 'em so.
 His Charms deprive, by their strange Influence,
 The Brave of Courage, and the Wise of Sense;
 In Vain Philosophy would set the Mind
 At Liberty, if once by him Confin'd;
 The Scholar's Learning, and the Poet's Wit
 A while may Struggle, but at last Submit:
 Well weigh'd Results, and Wise Conclusions seem,
 But empty Chat, Impertinence to him,
 His Opiates seize so strongly on the Brain,
 They make all Prudent Application Vain.
 If therefore you resolve to Live at Ease,
 To taste the Sweetness of Internal Peace:
 Would not for Safety to a Battle fly,
 Or chuse a Shipwreck, if afraid to Die,
 Far from these pleasurable Shades remove,
 And leave the Fond Inglorious Toil of Love.

This.

This said, She Vanish'd, and Methought I found
 My self Transported to a Rising Ground,
 From whence I did a pleasant Vale Survey;
 Large was the Prospect, Beautiful, and Gay.
 There I beheld th' Apartments of Delight,
 Whose curious Forms oblig'd the Wond'ring Sight,
 Some in full View upon the Champaign plac'd,
 With lofty Walls, and cooling Streams embrac'd;
 Other's, in Shady Groves, retir'd from Noise,
 The Seats of Private and Exalted Joys.
 At a great Distance I perceiv'd there stood
 A Stately Building in a Spacious Wood,
 Whose Gilded Turrets rais'd their beauteous Heads,
 High in the Air to View the Neighb'ring Meads.
 Where Vulgar Lovers spent their Happy Days,
 In Rustick Dancing and delightful Plays.
 But while I gaz'd with Admiration round,
 I heard from far, Celestial Musick sound,
 So Soft, so Moving, so Harmonious all,
 The Artful Charming Notes did rise and fall,
 My Soul, transported with the Grateful Airs,
 Shook off, the Pressures of its former Fears.
 I felt afresh the little God begin
 To stir himself, and gently move within:
 Then I repented I had vow'd no more
 To Love, or *Delia's* Beauteous Eyes adore:
 Why am I now condemn'd to Banishment,
 And made an Exile by my Own Consent.

I Sigh-

20 POMFRET'S POEMS.

I Sighing cry'd; why should I live in Pain
 Those fleeting Hours, which ne'er return again?
 O *Delia*! what can wretched *Stephen* do?
 Inhuman to himself, and false to you.
 'Tis true, I've promis'd Reason to remove
 From these Retreats, and quit bright *Delia's* Love.
 But is not Reason partially unkind?
 Are all her Votaries like me confin'd?
 Must none, that under her Dominion live,
 To Love, and Beauty, Veneration give?
 Why then did Nature youthful *Delia* grace
 With a majestick Mien, and charming Face?
 Why did she give her that surprizing Air,
 Make her so gay, so witty, and so fair?
 Mistress of all, that can Affection move;
 If Reason will not suffer us to Love?
 But since it must be so, I'll haste away,
 'Tis Fatal to return, and Death to stay.
 From you, blest Shades, (If I may call you so
 Inculpable) with mighty Pain I go.
 Compell'd from hence, I leave my Quiet here,
 I may find Safety, but I buy it dear.

Then turning round, I saw a beauteous Boy,
 Such as of old were Messengers of Joy:
 Who art thou, or from whence? if sent, said I,
 To me, my Haste requires a quick Reply.

I come, he cry'd, from yon Celestial Grove,
 Where stands the Temple of the God of Love:
 With

POMFREY'S POEMS. 21

With whose important Favour you are grac'd,
 And, justly in his high Protection plac'd.
 Be grateful, *Strephon*, and obey that God,
 Whose Scepter ne'er is chang'd into a Rod,
 That God to whom the haughty, and the proud,
 The bold, the bravest, may the best have bow'd:
 That God, whom all the lesser Gods adore;
 First in Existence, and the first in Pow'r.
 From him I come on Embassy divine,
 To tell thee *Delia*, *Delia* may be thine.
 To whom all Beauties rightly Tribute pay,
Delia the young, the lovely, and the gay.
 If you dare push your Fortune, if you dare
 But be resolv'd, and press the yielding Fair.
 Success, and Glory will your Labours crown;
 For Fate does rarely on the Valiant frown.
 But were you sure to be unkindly us'd,
 Coldly receiv'd, and scornfully refus'd;
 He greater Glory, and more Fame obtains,
 Who loses *Delia*, than who *Phyllis* gains.
 But to prevent all Fears that may arise,
 (Tho' Fears ne'er move the Daring and the Wise)
 In the dark Volumes of eternal Doom,
 Where all things past, and present, and to come
 Are writ, I saw these Words;—*It is Decreed*
That Strephon's Love, to Delia shall Succeed.
 What would you more? while Youth and Vigour last,
 Love, and be happy, they decline too fast:
 In Youth alone you're capable to prove
 The mighty Transports of a gen'rous Love.

For

22 POMFRET'S POEMS.

For dull old Age with fumbling Labour cloy's
 Before the Bliss, or gives but wither'd Joys;
 Youth's the best time for Action Mortals have,
 That Past, they touch the Confines of the Grave.
 Now if you hope to lie in *Delia's* Arms,
 To Die in Raptures, and Dissolve in Charms,
 Quick to the Blissful happy Mansion fly,
 Where all is one continu'd Extacy.
Delia Impatiently expects you there,
 And sure you will not disappoint the Fair.
 None but the Impotent, or Old, will stay,
 When Love Invites, and Beauty calls away.

O, you convey, said I, dear charming Boy:
 Into my Soul a Strange disorder'd Joy.
 I would, but dare not your Advice pursue;
 I've promis'd Reason, and I must be true—
 Reason's the Rightful Empress of the Soul,
 Does all Exorbitant Desires controul;
 Checks ev'ry Wild Excursion of the Mind,
 By her Wise Dictates, Happily confin'd.
 And he that will not her Command Obey,
 Leaves a safe Convoy in a Dang'rous Sea.
 True, I Love *Delia* to a vast Excess,
 But I must try to make my Passion Less:
 Try, if I can, if possible, I will;
 For I have Vow'd, and must that Vow fulfil.
 O! had I not, with what a Vig'rous Flight
 Could I pursue the Quarries of Delight?

How

POMFRET'S POEMS. 23

How could I press Fair *Delia* in these Arms,
Till I dissolv'd in Love, and she in Charms.
But now no more must I her Beauties View,
Yet Tremble at the Thoughts to leave her too:
What would I give, I might my Flame allow?
But 'tis forbid by Reason, and a Vow;
Two mighty Obstacles; tho' Love of Old
Has broke thro' greater, stronger Powers controul'd,
Should I offend, by high Example taught,
'Twould not be an inexpiable Fault.
The Crimes of Malice have found Grace above,
And sure kind Heaven will spare the Crimes of Love,
Could'st thou, my Angel, but instruct me how
I might be Happy, and not break my Vow,
Or by some Subtil Art dissolve the Chain;
You'd soon revive my dying Hopes again.
Reason and Love, I know, can ne'er agree,
Both would command, and both Superior be.
Reason's supported by the Sinewy Force
Of Solid Argument, and Wise Discourse;
But Love pretends to use no other Arms
Than Soft Impressions, and Persuasive Charms.
One must be Disobey'd, and shall I prove
A Rebel to my Reason, or to Love?
But then suppose I should my Flame pursue,
Delia may be Unkind, and Faithless too;
Reject my Passion with a Proud Disdain,
And Scorn the Love of such an Humble Swain;
Then should I labour under Mighty Grief,
Beyond all Hopes, or Prospect of Relief:

So

24 POMFREY'S POEMS.

So that methinks 'tis safer to obey
 Right Reason, tho' she bears a rugged Sway;
 Than Love's soft Rule, whose Subjects undergo
 Early or late too sad a share of Woe,
 Can I so soon forget that wretched Crew,
 Reason just now expos'd before my View;
 If *Delia* should be cruel, I must be
 A sad Partaker of their Misery:
 But your Encouragements so strongly move,
 I'm almost tempted to pursue my Love:
 For sure, no treacherous Designs should dwell
 In one that argues, and persuades so well,
 For what could Love by my Destruction gain?
 Love's an immortal God, and I a Swain:
 And sure I may, without Suspicion trust
 A God, for Gods can never be unjust

Right you conclude, reply'd the smiling Boy,
 Love ruins none, 'tis Men themselves destroy;
 And those vile Wretches, which you lately saw,
 Transgress'd his Rules, as well as Reason's Law.
 They're not Love's Subjects, but the Slaves of Lust,
 Nor is their Punishment so great, as just.
 For Love and Lust essentially divide;
 Like Day and Night, Humility and Pride;
 One Darkness hides, t'other does always shine:
 This of infernal Make, and that divine.
 Reason no gen'rous Passion does oppose;
 'Tis Lust, (not Love) and Reason, that are foes.

She

She bids you scorn a base inglorious Flame,
 Black as the gloomy Shade, from whence it came,
 In this, her Precepts shoud Obedience find,
 But yours is not of that ignoble kind.
 You Err, in thinking she would disapprove:
 The brave Pursuit of honourable Love;
 And therefore judge what's harmless, an Offence,
 Invert her Meaning, and mistake her Sense.
 She could not such insipid Council give,
 As not to love at all, 'tis not to live;
 But where bright Virtue, and true Beauty lies,
 And that in *Delia*, charming *Delia's* Eyes.
 Could you, contented, see th' Angelic Maid
 In old *Alexis'* dull Embraces laid?
 Or Rough-hewn *Tityrus* possess those Charms,
 Which are in Heaven, the Heaven of *Delia's* Arms?
 Consider, Youth, what Transports you forego,
 The most intire Felicity below;
 Which is by Fate alone reserv'd for you;
 Monarchs have been deny'd, for Monarchs sue.
 I own 'tis difficult to gain the Prize,
 Or 'twould be cheap, and low in noble Eyes;
 But there is one soft Minute, when the Mind
 Is left unguarded, waiting to be kind,
 Which the wise Lover understanding right,
 Steals in like Day, upon the Wings of Light.
 You urge your Vow, but can those Vows prevail
 Whose first Foundation, and whose Reason fail?
 You vow'd to leave fair *Delia*, but you thought
 Your Passion was a Crime, your Flame, a Fault;

26 POMFREY'S POEMS.

But since your Judgment err'd, it has no Force
 To bind at all, but is dissolv'd of Course.
 And therefore hesitate no longer here,
 But Banish all the dull Remains of Fear.
 Dare you be happy, Youth, but dare, and be;
 I'll be your Convoy to the charming *see*.
 What still irresolute? Debating still?
 View her, and then forsake her if you will.

I'll go, said I, once more I'll venture all,
 'Tis brave to perish by a noble Fall.
 Beauty no Mortal can resist, and *Love*
 Laid by his Grandeur, to indulge his *Love*.
 Reason, if I do Err, my Crime forgive?
 Angels alone, without offending live,
 I go astray, but as the Wife have done,
 And act a Folly, which they did not shun.

Then we, descending to a spacious Plain,
 Were soon saluted by a num'rous Train
 Of happy Lovers, who consum'd their Hours,
 With constant Jollity, in shady Bow'rs.
 There I beheld the blest Variety
 Of Joy, from all corroding Troubles free;
 Each follow'd his own Fancy to Delight;
 Tho' all went diff'rent Ways, yet all went right,
 None err'd, or miss'd the Happiness he sought,
 Love to one Center every Twining brought.
 We pass thro' num'rous pleasant Fields, and Glades,
 By murmur'ing Fountains, and by peaceful Shades,

Till

Till we approach'd the Confinés of the Wood,
 Where mighty Love's immortal Temple stood,
 Round the Celestial Fane in goodly Rows,
 And beauteous Order, am'rous Myrtle grows,
 Beneath whose Shade, expecting Lovers wait
 For the kind Minute of indulgent Fate:
 Each had his Guardian Cupid, whose chief Care,
 By secret Motions was to warm the Fair,
 To kindle eager Longings for the Joy,
 To movè the Slow, and to incline the Coy.

The glorious Fabrick charm'd my wond'ring Sight,
 Of vast Extent, and of prodigious Height;
 The Case was Marble, but the polish'd Stone
 With such an admirable Lustre shone,
 As if some Architect Divine had strove
 T' out-do the Palace of Imperial Jove.
 The pond'rous Gates of Massy Gold were made,
 With Diamonds of a mighty Size inlaid.
 Here stood the winged Guards in order plac'd,
 With shining Darts, and golden Quivers grac'd:
 As we approach'd, they clap'd their joyful Wings;
 And cry'd aloud, tune, tune the warbling Strings;
 The grateful Youth is come to sacrifice
 At *Delia's* Altar, to bright *Delia's* Eyes:
 With Harmony Divine his Soul inspire,
 That he may boldly touch the sacred Fire.
 And ye, that wait upon the blushing Fair,
 Celestial Incense and Perfumes prepare;

26 POMFREY'S POEMS.

While our great God her panting Bosom warms,
 Refreshes her Beauties and improves her Charms.

Ent'ring the spacious Dome, my ravish'd Eyes
 A wond'rous Scene of Glory did surprize.
 The Riches, Symmetry, and Brightness, all
 Did equally for Admiration call:
 But the Description is a Labour fit
 For none beneath a Laureat Angel's Wit.

Amidst the Temple was an Altar made
 Of solid Gold, where Adoration's paid.
 Here I perform'd the usual Rites with Fear,
 Not daring boldly to approach too near;
 Till from the God a smiling Cupid came
 And bid me touch the consecrated Flame;
 Which done, my Guide my eager steps convey'd
 To the Apartment of the beautiful Maid.

Before the Entrance was her Altar rais'd,
 On Pedestals of polish'd Marble plac'd.
 By it, her Guardian Cupid always stands,
 Who Troops of Missionary Loves commands.
 To him with soft Addresses all repair;
 Each for his Captive humbly begs the Fair;
 Tho' still in vain they importun'd, for he
 Would give Encouragement to none, but me.
 There stands the Youth, he cry'd, must take the Bliss,
 The lovely *Delia* can be none, but his,

Fate

Fate has selected him, and mighty Love
 Confirms below, what that decrees above.
 Then press no more, there's not another Swain
 On Earth, but *Strepson* can bright *Delia* gain.
 Kneel Youth; and with a grateful Mind renew
 Your Vows, swear you'll eternally be true:
 But if you dare be false, dare perjur'd prove,
 You'll find in sure Revenge, affronted Love,
 As hot, as fierce, as terrible as *Jove*.
 Hear me, ye *Gods*, said I, now hear me swear
 By all that's sacred, and by all that's fair!
 If I prove false to *Delia*, let me fall
 The common Obloquy, condemn'd by all.
 Let me the utmost of your Vengeance try,
 Forc'd to live wretched, and unpity'd die.

Then he expos'd the lovely sleeping Maid
 Upon a Couch of New-blown Roses laid.
 The blushing Colour in her Cheeks express'd,
 What tender Thoughts inspir'd her heaving Breast,
 Sometimes a Sigh half smother'd stole away,
 Then she would *Strepson*, charming *Strepson* say.
 Sometimes she smiling cry'd, you love, 'tis true;
 But will you always, and be faithful too?
 Ten Thousand Graces play'd about her Face,
 Ten Thousand Charms attended ev'ry Grace;
 Each admirable Feature did impart
 A secret Rapture to my throbbing Heart.

30 POMFRET'S POEMS

The Nymph * imprison'd in the brazen Tower,
 When *you* descended in a Golden Shower,
 Less beautiful appear'd, and yet her Eyes
 Brought down that God from the neglected Skies
 So moving, so transporting was the Sight,
 So much a Goddess *Dalia* seem'd, so bright,
 My ravish'd Soul with secret Wonder fraught,
 Lay all dissolv'd in Extacy of Thought.

Long time I gaz'd, but as I trembling drew
 Nearer, to take a more obliging View,
 It thunder'd loud, and the ungrateful Noise
 Wak'd me, and put an end to all my Joys.

* *Danaë.*



THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINTE.

AS *Strophon* in a whither'd Cypress Shade,
 For anxious Thought, and sighing Lovers made,
 Revolving lay upon his wretched State,
 And the hard Usage of too partial Fate;
 Thus the sad Youth complain'd, once happy Swain,
 Now the most abject Shepherd of the Plain:
 Where's that harmonious Confort of Delights,
 Those peaceful Days, and pleasurable Nights;
 That generous Mirth, and noble Jollity,
 Which gayly made the Dancing Minutes flee?

Dispers'd,

POMFREY'S POEMS

11

Dispers'd, and banish'd from my troubl'd Breast?
Nor leave me one short Interval of Rest.

Why do I prosecute a hopeless Flame,
And play in Torment, such a losing Game;
All things Conspire to make my Ruin sure;
When Wounds are Mortal, they admit no Cure.
But Heav'n sometimes does a miraculous thing,
When our last Hope is just upon the Wing;
And in a Moment drives those Clouds away,
Whose fullen Darkness hid a glorious Day.

Why was I born, or why do I survive,
To be made wretched only, kept alive?
Fate is too cruel in the harsh Decree,
That I must live, yet live in Misery.
Are all its pleasing happy Moments gone,
Must *Strepson* be unfortunate alone?
On other Swains it lavishly bestows;
On them each Nymph neglected Favour throws.
They meet Compliance still in ev'ry Face,
And lodge their Passions in a kind Embrace:
Obtaining from the soft incurious Maid
True Love for Counterfeits, and Gold for Lead.
Success on *Mervins* always does attend;
Inconstant Fortune, is his constant Friend.
He levels blindly, yet the Mark does hit,
And owes the Victory to Chance, not Wit.
But let him conquer e'er one Blow be struck;
I'd not be *Mervins* to have *Mervins* Duck.
Proud

31 POMPRET'S POEMS.

Proud of my Fate, I would not change my Chains;
 For all the Trophies *Mævius* gains;
 But rather still live *Delia's* Slave, than be
 Like *Mævius* silly, and like *Mævius* free.
 But he is happy; loves the common Road,
 And, Pack-horse like, jogs on beneath his Load;
 If *Phyllis*' peevish, or unkind does prove,
 It ne'er disturbs his grave-mechanick Love.
 A little Joy his languid Flame contents,
 And makes him easy under all Events.
 But when a Passion's noble and sublime,
 And higher still would ev'ry Moment climb;
 If 'tis accepted with a just Return,
 The Fire's immortal; will for ever burn;
 And with such Raptures fills the Lover's Breast,
 That Saints in Paradise are scarce more blest.

But I lament my Miseries in vain,
 For *Delia* hears me pityless, complain.
 Suppose she pities, and believe me true;
 What Satisfaction from thence can accrue,
 Unless her Pity, makes her love me too?
 Perhaps she loves, ('tis but perhaps, I fear,
 For that's a Blessing' can't be bought to dear.)
 If she has Scruples that oppose her Will,
 I must alas, be miserable still.
 Tho' if she loves, those Scruples soon will fly
 Before the Reasonings of the Deiry.
 For where Love enters, he will rule alone,
 And suffer no Copartner in his Throne.

And

And those false Arguments, that would repel
His high Injunctions, teach us to rebel.

What Method can poor *Strepson* then propound,
To cure the Bleeding of his fatal Wound:
If she, who guided the venacious Dart
Resolves to cherish and increase the Smart?
Go Youth, from these unhappy Plains remove,
Leave the Pursuit of unsuccessful Love;
Go, and to foreign Swains thy Griefs relate;
Tell 'em the Cruelty of frowning Fate:
Tell 'em the noble Charms of *Delia's* Mind,
Tell 'em how fair, but tell 'em how unkind.
And when few Years thou hast in sorrow spent,
(For sure they cannot be of large Extent,)
In Prayers for her thou lov'st, resign thy Breath,
And bless the Minute gives thee Ease, and Death.

Here pause the Swain—When *Delia* driving by
Her bleating Flocks to some fresh Pasture nigh,
By Love directed, did her Steps convey
Where *Strepson*, wrapt in silent Sorrows, lay.
As soon as he perceiv'd the beauteous Maid,
He rose to meet her, and thus, trembling, said.

When humble Suppliants would the Gods appease,
And in severe Afflictions beg for Ease;
With constant Importunity they sue,
And their Petitions ev'ry Day renew;

Grow

34 POMPRET'S POEMS.

Grow still more earnest as they are deny'd,
Nor one well-weigh'd Expedient leave untry'd,
Till Heav'n, those Blessings, they enjoy'd before,
Not only does return; but gives 'em more.

O, do not blame me, *Delia*! If I press
So much, and with Impatience, for Redress.
My pond'rous Grievs no Ease my Soul allow,
For they are next t' intolerable now;
How shall I then support 'em, when they grow
To an Excess, to a distracting Woe?
Since you're endow'd with a Celestial Mind,
Relieve like Heaven, and like the Gods be kind.
Did you perceive the Torments I endure,
Which you first caus'd, and you alone can cure:
They would your Virgin Soul to Pity move;
And pity may at last be chang'd to Love.
Some Swains, I own, impose upon the Fair,
And lead th' incautious Maid into a Snare.
But let them suffer for their Perjury,
And do not punish others Crimes in me.
If there's so many of our Sex untrue;
Yours should more kindly use the faithful few,
Tho' Innocence too oft incurs the Fate
Of Guilt, and clears it self sometimes too late.

Your Nature is to Tenderness inclin'd;
And why to me, to me alone unkind?
A common Love, by other Persons shown,
Meets with a full Return, but mine has none:

Nay

Nay scarce believ'd; tho' from Deceit as free;
As Angels Flames, can for Archangels be.
A Passion feign'd at no Repulse is griev'd;
And values little if it ben't receiv'd;
But Love sincere, repents the smallest Scorn,
And the Unkindness does in secret mourn.

Sometimes I please my self, and think you are
Too good, to make me wretched by Despair.
That Tenderness, which in your Soul is plac'd,
Will move you to Compassion sure at last.
But when I come to take a serious View
Of my own Merits, I despond of you,
For what can *Delia*, beauteous *Delia* see,
To raise in her the least Esteem of me?
I've nought that can encourage my Address,
My Fortune's little; and my Worth is less.
But if a Love of the sublimest Kind
Can make Impressions on a gen'rous Mind:
If all has real Value, that's Divine,
There cannot be a nobler Flame than mine.

Perhaps you pity me: I know you must,
And my Affection can no more distrust:
But what, Alas! will helpless Pity do?
You pity, but you may despise me too.
Still I am wretched, if no more you give,
The starving Orphan can't on Pity live.
He must receive the Food for which he cries,
Or he consumes; and tho' much pity'd, dies.

My

My Torments still do with my Passion grow;
 Then more I love, the more I undergo.
 But suffer me no longer to remain
 Beneath the Pressures of so vast a Pain.
 My Wound requires some speedy Remedy;
 Delays are fatal, when Despair's so nigh.
 Much I've endur'd, much more than I can tell;
 Too much, indeed, for one that loves so well.
 When will the end of all my Sorrows be?
 Can you not love, I'm sure you pity me?
 But if I must new Miseries sustain,
 And be condemn'd to more, and stronger Pain;
 I'll not accuse you, since my Fate is such,
 I please too little, and I love too much.

Strepson no more, the blushing *Delia* said,
 Excuse the Conduct of a tim'rous Maid:
 Now I'm convinc'd your Love's sublime and true;
 Such as I always wish'd to find in you.
 Each kind Expression, ev'ry tender Thought
 A mighty Transport in my Bosom wrought:
 And tho' in secret I your Flame approv'd,
 I sigh'd and griev'd, but durst not own I lov'd;
 Tho' now—O *Strepson*! be so kind to guess,
 What Shame will not allow me to confess.

The Youth encompass'd with a Joy so bright,
 Had hardly Strength to bear the vast Delight;

By too sublime an Extasy possest,
He trembled, gaz'd, and clasp'd her to his Breast:
Ador'd the Nymph that did the Pain remove,
Vow'd endless Truth, and everlasting Love.

*Strephon's Love for Delia justified:
In an Epistle to Celadon.*

ALL Men have Follies, which they blindly trace
Thro' the dark Turnings of a dubious Maze:
But happy those, who by a prudent Care,
Retreat betimes, from the fallacious Snare.

The eldest Sons of Wisdom were not free
From the same Failure you condemn in me;
They lov'd, and by that glorious Passion led,
Forgot what *Plato*, and themselves had said.
Love triumph'd o'er those dull pedantick Rules,
They had collected from the wrangling Schools;
And made 'em to his nobler Sway submit,
In spite of all their Learning, Art, and Wit:
Their grave starch'd Morals then unuseful prov'd,
Those dusty Characters he soon remov'd;
For when his shining Squadrons came in view,
Their boasted *Reason* murmur'd, and withdrew:
Unable to oppose their mighty Force
With phlegmatick Resolves, and dry Discourse.

38 POMFREY'S POEMS.

If, as the wisest of the Wise, have err'd,
I go astray, and am condemn'd unheard,
My Faults you too severely reprehend,
More like a rigid Censor, than a Friend.
Love is the Monarch Passion of the Mind,
Knows no Superior, by no Laws confin'd;
But triumphs still, impatient of Controul,
O'er all the proud Endowments of the Soul.

You own'd my *Delia*, *Friend*, divinely fair,
When in the Bud her native Beauties were:
Your Praise did then her early Charms confess,
Yet you'd persuade me to adore her less,
You but the Non-age of her Beauty saw,
But might from thence sublime Ideas draw;
And what she is, by what she was, conclude,
For now she governs those, she then subdu'd.

Her Aspect noble, and mature is grown,
And ev'ry Charm in its full Vigour known.
There we may wond'ring View, distinctly wit,
The Lines of Goodness, and the Marks of Wit:
Each Feature emulous, of pleasing most,
Does justly, some peculiar Sweetness boast:
And her Composure's of so fine a Frame,
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.

When the immortal Beauties of the Skies
Contended naked for the golden Prize,

The

The Apple had not fall'n to *Venus*' share,
Had I been *Paris*, and my *Delia* there:
In whom alone we all their Graces find,
The moving Gayety of *Venus* join'd
With *Juno*'s Aspect, and *Minerva*'s Mind.

View but those Nymphs, which other Swains adore,
You'll value charming *Delia* still the more.
Dorinda's Mein's Majestick, but her Mind
Is to Revenge and Peevishness inclin'd:
Myrtilla's fair, and yet *Myrtilla*'s proud;
Clæ has Wit, but noisy, vain, and loud:
Melania doats upon the finest things,
And yet *Melania* like an Angel sings.
But in my *Delia* all Endowments meet,
All that is just, agreeable, or sweet;
All that can Praise, and Admiration move;
All that the Wildest, and the Bravest love.

In all Discourse she's apposite and gay,
And ne'er wants something pertinent to say:
For if the Subject's of a serious kind,
Her Thoughts are manly, and her Sense refin'd;
But if divertive, her Expressions fit,
Good Language, join'd with inoffensive Wit.
So cautious always, that she ne'er affords,
An idle Thought the Charity of Words.

The *Vices* common to her Sex, can find
No room, e'en in the Suburbs of her Mind.

40 · POMFRET'S POEMS.

Concluding wisely, she's in danger still,
 From the meer Neighbourhood of industrious Ill;
 Therefore at distance keep the subtil Foe,
 Whose near approach would formidable grow.
 While the unwary Virgin is undone,
 And meets the Misery which she ought to shun.

Her Wit is penetrating, clear, and gay,
 But let's true Judgment, and Right-reason sway:
 Modestly bold, and quick to apprehend,
 Prompt in Replies, but cautious to offend.
 Her Darts are keen, but level'd with such Care,
 They ne'er fall short, and seldom fly too far:
 For when she rallies, 'tis with so much Art,
 We blush with Pleasure, and with Rapture smart.

O *Celadon*! you would my Flame approve,
 Did you but hear her talk, and talk of *Love*;
 That tender Passion to her Fancy brings
 The prettiest Notions, and the softest Things:
 Which are by her so movingly express'd,
 They fill with Extacy my throbbing Breast.
 'Tis then the Charms of Eloquence impart,
 Their native Glories, unimprov'd by Art:
 By what she says, I measure things above,
 And guess the Language of *Seraphic Love*.

To the cool Bosom of a peaceful Shade,
 By some wild Beech, or lofty Poplar made,

When

POMPHLET'S POEMS. 41

When Evening comes, we secretly repair,
 To breathe in private, and unbend our Care;
 And, while our Flocks in fruitful Pastures feed,
 Some well-design'd instructive Poem read.
 Where useful Morals, with soft Numbers join'd,
 At once delight, and cultivate the Mind:
 Which, as by her to more Perfection brought,
 By wise Remarks upon the Poet's Thought.
 So well she knows the Stamp of Eloquence,
 The empty Sound of Words from solid Sense;
 The florid Fustian of a Rhyming Spark,
 Whose random Arrow ne'er comes near the Mark,
 Can't on her Judgment be impost, and pass
 For Standard Gold, when 'tis but gilded Brass.
 Oft in the Walks of an adjacent Grove,
 Where first we mutually engag'd to love;
 She'd smiling ask me, whether I'd prefer,
 An humble Cottage on the Plain with her,
 Before the pompous Building of the Great,
 And find Content, in that inferior State?
 Said I, the Question you propose to me,
 Perhaps a matter of Debate might be;
 Were the Degrees of my Affection less,
 Than burning Martyrs to the Gods express:
 In you I've all I can desire below,
 That Earth can give me, or the Gods bestow;
 And blest with you I know not where to find
 A second Choice; you take up all my Mind.
 I'd not forsake that dear delightful Plain,
 Where charming *Delia*, Love and *Delia* reign;
 For

42 POMFRET'S POEMS.

For all the Splendor that a Court can give,
Where gaudy Fools, and busy Statesmen live.
Tho' youthful *Paris*, when his Birth was known,
Too fatally related to a Throne,
Forsook *Oenone*, and his rural Sports,
For dangerous Greatness, and tumultuous Courts;
Yet Fate should still offer its Pow'r in vain,
For what is Pow'r to such an humble Swain?
I would not leave my *Delia*, leave my Fair,
Tho' half the Globe should be assign'd my Share.

And would you have me, *Friend*, reflect again,
Become the basest and the worst of Men?
O do not urge me, *Celaden*, forbear!
I cannot leave her, she's too charming Fair!
Should I your Counsel in this case pursue,
You might suspect me for a Villain too:
For sure that perjur'd Wretch can never prove
Just to his *Friend*, who's faithless to his *Love*.

An Epistle to DELIA.

AS those, who hope hereafter Heaven to share,
A rigorous Exile here, can calmly bear;
And with collected Spirits undergo
The sad variety of Pain below:
Yet with intense Reflections antedate,
The mighty Raptures of a future State:
While the bright Prospect of approaching Joy,
Creates a Bliss no Trouble can destroy. So,

So, tho' I'm told by giddy Fortune's Hand,
Ev'n to the Confines of my Native Land;
Where I can hear the stormy Ocean roar,
And break its Waves upon the foaming Shore:
Tho' from my *Delia* banish'd, all that's dear,
That's good, or beautiful, or charming here;
Yet flatt'ring Hopes encourage me to live,
And tell me Fate will kinder Minutes give,
That the dark Treasury of Time contains
A glorious Day, will finish all my Pains;
And while I contemplate on Joys to come,
My Grievs are silent, and my Sorrows dumb.
Believe me, *Nymph*, believe me, charming Fair,
(When Truth's conspicuous, we need not swear;
Oaths would suppose a Diffidence in you,
That I am false, my Flame fictitious too.)
Were I condemn'd by Fate's imperial Pow'r,
Ne'er to return to your Embraces more,
I'd scorn whate'er the busy World could give,
'Twould be the worst of Miseries to live:
For all my Wishes, and Desires pursue,
All I admire, or covet here, is you.
Were I possess'd of your surprizing Charms,
And lodg'd again within my *Delia's* Arms,
Then would my Joys ascend to that degree;
Could Angels envy, they would envy me.

Oft as I wander in a silent Shade,
When bold Vexation would my Soul invade,
I banish

44 PAMPHLET'S POEMS.

I banish the rough Thought, and none pursue,
But what inclines my willing Mind to you.
The soft reflections on your sacred Love,
Like Sov'reign Anridotes, all Cares remove;
Composing ev'ry Faculty to rest,
They leave a grateful Flavour in my breast.

Retir'd sometimes into a lonely Grove,
I think, o'er all the Stories of our Love.
What mighty Pleasure have I oft possess'd,
When in a Masculine Embrace I press,
The lovely *Deasia* to my heaving Breast?
Then I remember, and with vast delight,
The kind Expressions of the parting Night:
Methought, the Sun too quick return'd again,
And Day was ne'er impertinent till then.
Strong and contracted was our eager Bliss,
An Age's Pleasure in each generous Kiss;
Years of delight, in moments we compriz'd,
And Heaven it self was there epitomiz'd.

But when the Glories of the eastern Light,
O'erflow'd the twinkling Tapers of the Night,
Farewel, my *Deasia*, O farewel, said I,
The utmost Period of my time is nigh:
Too cruel Fate forbids my longer stay,
And wretched *Strophon* is compell'd away.
But tho' I must my native Plains forego,
Forsook these Fields, forsake my *Deasia* too,

No

POMFREY'S POEMS. 45

No change of Fortune shall for ever move,
The fettle Base of my immortal Love.

And must my *Strepson*, must my faithful Swain,
Be forc'd, you cry'd, to a remoter Plain!
The Darling of my Soul so soon remov'd?
The only valu'd, and the best belov'd.
Tho' other Swains to me themselves address'd,
Strepson was still distinguish'd from the rest:
Flat and insipid all their Courtship seem'd,
Little themselves, their Passions less esteem'd.
For my Aversion with their Flames increas'd,
And none but *Strepson* partial *Delia* pleas'd.
Tho' I'm depriv'd of my kind Shepherd's sight,
Joy of the Day, and Blessing of the Night;
Yet will you, *Strepson*, will you love me still?
However flatter me, and say you will.
For should you entertain a Rival Love,
Should you unkind to me, or faithless prove,
No Mortal e'er could half so wretched be,
For sure no Mortal ever lov'd like me.

Your Beauty, Nymph, said I, my Faith secures;
Those you once conquer, must be always yours:
For Hearts subdu'd by your victorious Eyes,
No Force can storm, no Stratagem surprize;
Nor can I of Captivity complain,
While lovely *Delia* holds the glorious Chain.
The *Cyprian* Queen in young *Adonis'* Arms,
Might fear, at last he would despise her Charms.

But

46 **BOMFRET'S POEMS.**

But I can never such a Monster prove;
To slight the Blessings of my *Delia's* Love;
Would those, who at Celestial Tables sit,
Blest with immortal Wine, immortal Wit:
Chuse to descend to some inferior Board,
Which nought but Scum, and Nonsense, can afford?
Nor can I e'er to those gay Nymphs address,
Whose Pride is greater, and whose Charms are less
Their Tinsel Beauty may perhaps subdue:
A gaudy Coxcomb, or a Fulsome Beau;
But seem at best indifferent to me,
Who none but you with Admiration see.

Now would the rowling Orbs obey my Will,
I'd make the Sun a second time stand still;
And to the lower World the Light repay,
When conqu'ring *Jehoa* robb'd 'em of a Day;
Tho' our two Souls would different Passions prove,
His was a Thirst of Glory, mine is Love.
It will not be; the Sun makes haste to rise,
And takes Possession of the Eastern Skies;
Yet one Kiss more, tho' Millions are too few,
And *Delia* since we must, must part, Adieu.

As *Adam*, by an injur'd Maker driven,
From *Eden's* Groves, the Visinage of Heaven;
Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear
The harsh Impressions of a ruder Air,
With mighty Sorrow, and with weeping Eyes,
Look'd back, and mourn'd the loss of Paradise.

With

With a concern like his, did I review
My native Plains, my charming *Delia* too;
For I left Paradise in leaving you.

If, as I walk, a pleasant Shade I find,
It brings your fair Idea to my Mind.
Such was the happy place, I sighing say;
Where I, and *Delia*, lovely *Delia*, lay;
When first I did my tender thoughts impart,
And made a grateful Present of my Heart.
Or if my Friend in his Apartment, shows
Some Piece of *Vandyke's*, or of *Angelo's*;
In which the Artist has with wondrous Care,
Describ'd the Face of one exceeding Fair;
Tho', at first sight, it may my Passion raise,
And ev'ry Feature I admire, and praise;
Yet still, methinks, upon a second View,
'Tis not so beautiful, so fair as you.
If I converse with those, whom most I admit,
To have a ready, gay, vivacious Wit,
They want some amiable, moving Grace,
Some Turn of Fancy that my *Delia* has.
For ten good Thoughts, amongst the Crowd they vent,
Methinks ten Thousand are impertinent.

Let other Shepherds, that are prone to range,
With each Caprice, their giddy Humours change.
They from variety less Joys receive,
Than you alone are capable to give.
Nor will I envy those ill-judging Swains,
What they enjoy's the refuse of the Plains;

If

48 POMFRET'S POEMS.

If for my share of Happiness below,
Kind Heaven upon me, *Delia* would bestow:
Whatever Blessings it can give beside,
Let all Mankind among themselves divide.

A Pastoral ESSAY on the Death of Queen *MARY*, Anno, 1694.

AS gentle *Strepson* to his Fold convey'd
A wand'ring Lamb, which from the Flocks had
Beneath a mournful *Cypress* Shade, he found (stray'd,
Cosmelia weeping on the dewy Ground.
Amaz'd, with eager Haste, he ran to know
The fatal Cause of her intemp'rate Woe;
And clasping her to his impatient Breast,
In these soft Words his tender Care express'd.

STREPSON.

Why mourns my dear *Cosmelia*, why appears
My Life, my Soul, dissolv'd in briny Tears?
Has some fierce Tyger thy lov'd Heifer slain,
While I was wand'ring on the neighbouring Plain;
Or has some greedy Wolf devour'd thy Sheep;
What sad Misfortune makes *Cosmelia* weep?
Speak, that I may prevent thy Grief's Increase;
Partake thy Sorrows, or restore thy Peace.

COSMELIA.

COSMELIA.

Do you not hear from far that mournful Bell?
 'Tis for—I cannot the sad Tydings tell,
 O, whither are my fainting Spirits fled!
 'Tis for *Celestia*—*Strepbon*, O,—she's dead!
 The brightest Nymph, the Princess of the Plain,
 By an untimely Dart, untimely slain.

STREP HON.

Dead! 'tis impossible, she cannot die,
 She's too Divine, too much a Deity:
 'Tis a false Rumour some ill Swains have spread,
 Who with perhaps the good *Celestia* dead.

COSMELIA.

Ah! No, the Truth in ev'ry Face appears,
 For ev'ry Face you meet's o'erflow'd with Tears,
 Trembling, and pale, I ran thro' all the Plain,
 From Flock to Flock, and ask'd of ev'ry Swain,
 But each, scarce lifting his dejected Head,
 Cry'd, O, *Cosmelia*! O, *Celestia*'s dead!

STREP HON.

Something was meant by that ill boading Croak,
 Of the prophetick Raven from the Oak,
 Which strait by Lightning was in Shivers broke. }

50. **POMPHREY'S PERM.**

But we our Mischief feel, before we see,
Seiz'd and o'erwhelm'd, at once with Misery.

COSMELLA.

Since then we have no Trophies to bestow,
No pompous Things to make a glorious Show,
(For all the Tribute a poor Swain can bring
In Rural Numbers, is to mourn and sing.)
Let us beneath the gloomy Shade rehearse
Celestia's sacred Praise in no less sacred Verse.

STEPHON.

Celestia dead! then 'tis in vain to live;
What's all the Comforts that these Plains can give?
Since she, by whose bright Influence alone
Our Flocks increas'd, and we rejoic'd, is gone.
Since she, who round such Beams of Goodness spread,
As gave new Life to ev'ry Swain, is dead!

COSMELLA.

In vain we wish for the delightful Spring,
What Joys can flow'ry *May*, or *April* bring,
When she, for whom the spacious Plains were spread
With early Flowers, and cheerful Greens, is dead?
In vain did courtly *Damon* warm the Earth,
To give to Summer Fruits, a Winter Birth.

POMPHREY'S POEMS. 51

In vain we Autumn wait, which crowns the Fields
With wealthy Crops, and various Plenty yields;
Since that fair Nymph, for whom the boundless Store
Of Nature was preserv'd, is now no more.

STREPHON.

Farewel for ever then to all that's gay,
You will forget to sing, and I to play.
No more with cheerful Songs in cooling Bow'rs,
Shall we consume the pleasurable Hours.
All joys are banish'd, all Delights are fled,
Ne'er to return, now fair *Celestia's* dead.

COSMELIA.

If e'er I sing, they shall be mournful Lays
Of great *Celestia's* Name, *Celestia's* Praise,
How good she was, how generous, how wise!
How beautiful her Shape, how bright her Eyes!
How charming all, how much she was ador'd
Alive; when dead, how much her loss deplor'd!
A noble Theme, and able to inspire
The humblest Muse with the sublimest Fire.
And since we do of such a Princess sing,
Let outs ascend upon a stronger Wing;
And while we do the lofty Numbers join,
Her Name will make their Harmony Divine.
Raise then thy tuneful Voice, and be thy Song
Sweet as her Temper, as her Virtue strong.

STREPHON.

When her great Lord to foreign Wars was gone,
 And left *Cælestia* here to rule alone,
 With how serene a Brow, how void of Fear
 When Storms arose, did she the Vessel steer?
 And, when the raging of the Waves did cease,
 How gentle was her Sway in times of Peace?
 Justice and Mercy did their Beams unite,
 And round her Temples spread a glorious Light.
 So quick she eas'd the wrongs of every Swain,
 She hardly gave them Leisure to complain.
 Impatient to reward, but slow to draw
 Th' avenging Sword of necessary Law.
 Like Heaven, she took no pleasure to destroy,
 With Grief she punish'd, and she sav'd with Joy.

COSMELIA.

When God-like *Bellegier* from War's Alarms
 Return'd in Triumph to *Cælestia's* Arms,
 She met her Hero with a full Desire,
 But chaste as Light, and vigorous as Fire.
 Such mutual Flames, so equally Divine,
 Did in each Breast with such a Lustre shine,
 His could not seem the greater, her's the less:
 Both were immense, for both were in Excess.

STRE-

STREPHON.

O, God-like Princess! O, thrice happy Swains!
While she presided o'er the fruitful Plains;
While she for ever ravish'd from our Eyes,
To mingle with her Kindred of the Skies,
Did for your Peace her constant Thoughts employ,
The Nymph's good Angel, and the Shepherd's Joy.

COSMELTA.

All that was Noble beautify'd her Mind;
There Wisdom sat, with solid Reason join'd;
There too did Piety, and Greatness wait,
Meekness on Grandeur, Modesty on State:
Humble amidst the Splendors of a Throne;
Plac'd above all, and yet despising none.
And when a Crown was forc'd on her by Fate,
She with some pain submitted to be Great.

STREPHON.

Her pious Soul with Emulation strove
To gain the mighty Pan's important Love:
To whose mysterious Rites she always came,
With such an active, so intense a Flame,
The Duties of Religion seem'd to be
Not more her Care, than her Felicity.

34 POMFRET'S POEMS.

COSMELIA.

Virtue unmixt, without the least alloy,
 Pure as the Light of a Celestial Ray,
 Commanded all the Motions of the Soul,
 With such a soft, but absolute Controul,
 That as she knew what best great *Pan* would please,
 She still perform'd it with the greatest Ease.
 Him for her high Exemplar she design'd,
 Like him, benevolent to all Mankind.
 Her Foes she pity'd, not desir'd their Blood,
 And to revenge their Crimes, she did them good:
 Nay, all Affronts, so unconcern'd she bore,
 (Maugre that violent Temptation, Pow'r,)
 As if she thought it vulgar to resent,
 Or wish'd Forgiveness their worst Punishment.

STREPHON.

Next mighty *Pan*, was her illustrious Lord,
 His high Vicegerent, sacredly ador'd:
 Him with such Piety and Zeal she lov'd,
 The noble Passion ev'ry Hour improv'd.
 Till it ascended to that glorious Height,
 'Twas next, (if only next) to infinite.
 This made her so entire a Duty pay,
 She grew at last impatient to obey,
 And met his Wishes with as prompt a Zeal,
 As an Archangel his Creator's Will.

COS.

COSMELIA.

Mature for Heaven, the fatal Mandate came,
With it, a Chariot of Etherial Flame,
In which, *Elijah* like, she pass'd the Spheres;
Brought Joy to Heaven, but left the World in Tears.

STREPHON.

Methinks I see her on the Plains of Light,
All Glorious, all incomparably Bright!
While the immortal Minds around her gaze
On the excessive Splendor of her Rays,
And scarce believe a human Soul could be
Endow'd with such stupendous Majesty.

COSMELIA.

Who can lament too much? O, who can mourn
Enough o'er beautiful *Celestia's* Urn?
So great a Loss as this deserves Excess
Of Sorrow, all's too little, that is less.
But to supply the Universal Woe,
Tears from all Eyes, without Cessation flow:
All that have pow'r to weep, or voice to groan,
With throbbing Breasts *Celestia's* Fate bemoan:
While Marble Rocks the common Grievs partake,
And Eccho back those Cries they cannot make.

STRE-

STREPHON.

Weep then (once fruitful) Vales, and spring with
 Ye thirsty barren Mountains, weep with Dew. (Yew;
 Let ev'ry Flow'r on this extended Plain
 Not droop, but shrink into its Womb again,
 Ne'er to receive anew its yearly Birth;
 Let ev'ry thing that's grateful leave the Earth,
 Let mournful Cypress, with each noxious Weed,
 And baneful Venoms in their place succeed.
 Ye purling querulous Brooks, o'ercharg'd with Grief,
 Haste swiftly to the Sea for more Relief;
 Then tiding back, each to his sacred Head,
 Tell your astonish'd Springs, *Cæstia's* dead.

COSMELIA.

Well have you sung, in an exalted Strain,
 The fairest Nymph e'er grac'd the *British* Plain.
 Who knows but some officious Angel may
 Your grateful Numbers to her Ears convey:
 That she may smile upon us, from above,
 And bless our mournful Plains with Peace and Love.

STREPHON.

But see, our Flocks do to their Folds repair,
 For Night with sable Clouds obscures the Air,

Cold

Cold Damps descend from the unwholsome Sky,
 And Safety bids us to our Cottage fly.
 Tho' with each Morn our Sorrows will return,
 Each Ev'n, like Nightingales, we'll sing and mourn,
 Till Death conveys Us to the peaceful Urn. }

To his Friend under Affliction.

None lives in this tumultuous State of Things,
 Where ev'ry Morning some new Trouble brings,
 But bold Inquietudes will break his Rest,
 And gloomy Thoughts disturb his anxious Breast.
 Angelick Forms, and happy Spirits are
 Above the Malice of perplexing Care:
 But that's a Blessing too sublime, too high
 For those who bend beneath Mortality.
 If in the Body there was but one Part
 Subject to Pain, and sensible of Smart,
 And but one Passion could torment the Mind,
 That Part, that Passion busy Fate would find,
 But since Infirmities in both abound,
 Since Sorrow both so many ways can wound,
 'Tis not so great a Wonder that we grieve
 Sometimes, as 'tis a Miracle we live.

The happiest Man that ever breath'd on Earth,
 With all the Glories of Estate and Birth,
 Had yet some anxious Care to make him know
 No Grandeur was above the Reach of Woe.

38 POMFREY'S POEMS.

To be from all Things that disquiet, free,
Is not consistent with Humanity.
Youth, Wit, and Beauty, are such charming Things,
O'er which, if Affluence spreads her gaudy Wings,
We think the Person, who enjoys so much,
No Care can move, and no Affliction touch.
Yet could we but some secret Method find
To view the dark Recesses of the Mind,
We there might see the hidden Seeds of Strife,
And Woes in Embryo ripning into Life;
How some fierce Lust, or bant'rous Passion, fills
The lab'ring Spirit with peccatic Ills,
Pride, Envy, or Revenge, distract his Soul,
And all Right-reason's Godlike Pow'r controul.
But if the must not be allow'd to sway,
Tho' all without, appears serene and gay,
A cank'rous Venom on the Vitals preys,
And poisons all the Comforts of his Days.

External Pomp, and visible Success,
Sometimes contribute to our Happiness;
But that, which makes it genuine, refin'd,
Is a good Conscience, and a Soul resign'd:
Then, to whatever End Affliction's sent,
To try our Virtues, or for Punishment,
We bear it calmly, tho' a pond'rous Woe,
And still adore the Hand that gives the Blow.
For in Misfortunes this Advantage lies,
They make us humble, and they make us wise.

And

POMEROY'S POEMS

53

And he that can acquire such Virtues, gains
An ample Recompence for all his Pains.

Too soft Caresses of a prosp'rous Fate
The pious Fervours of the Soul abate;
Tempt to luxurious Ease our careless Days,
And gloomy Vapours round the Spirits raise.
Thus lull'd into a Sleep, we dosing lie,
And find our Ruin, in Security;
Unless some Sorrow comes to our Relief,
And breaks th' Incantment by a timely Grief.
But as we are allow'd, to cheer our Sight,
In blackest Days, some Glimmerings of Light:
So in the most dejected Hours we may,
The secret Pleasure have, to weep and pray,
And those Requests, the speediest Passage find
To Heaven, which flow from an afflicted Mind:
And while to him we open our Distress,
Our Pains grow lighter, and our Sorrows less.
The finest Musick of the Grove, we owe
To mourning *Philomel's* harmonious Woe;
And while her Griefs, in charming Notes express,
A thorny Bramble priks her tender Breast:
In warbling Melody she spends the Night,
And moves at once Compassion and Delight.

No Choice had e'er so happy, an Event,
But he that made it, did that Choice repent.
So weak's our Judgment, and so short's our Sight,
We cannot level our own Wishes right:

And

60 POMPRET'S POEMS.

And if sometimes we make a wise Advance,
T' our selves we little owe, but much to Chance,
So that when Providence, for secret Ends,
Corroding Cares, or sharp Affliction sends,
We must conclude it best it should be so,
And not desponding, or impatient grow.
For he that will his Confidence remove,
From boundless Wisdom, and eternal Love,
To place it on himself, or human Aid,
Will meet those Woes he labours to evade.
But in the keenest Agonies of Grief,
Content's a Cordial that still gives Relief.
Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastises those, whom most he likes,
And if with humble Spirits they complain,
Relieves the Anguish, or rewards the Pain.

To another Friend under Affliction.

Since the first Man by Disobedience fell
An easy Conquest to the Pow'rs of Hell,
There's none, in every Stage of Life can be
From the Insults of bold Affliction free.
If a short Respite gives us some Relief,
And interrupts the Series of our Grief,
So quick the Pangs of Misery return,
We Joy by Minutes, but by Years we Mourn.

Reason

Reason refin'd and to perfection brought,
By wise Philosophy, and serious Thought,
Supports the Soul beneath the pond'rous Weight
Of angry Stars, and unpropitious Fate,
Then is the time she should exert her Pow'r,
And make us practice what she taught before.
For why are such Volum'ous Authors read,
The learned Labours of the famous Dead,
But to prepare the Mind for its defence,
By sage Results, and well-digested, Sense;
That when the Storm of Misery appears
With all its real, or fantastick Fears,
We either may the rolling danger fly,
Or stem the Tide before it swells too high.

But tho' the Theory of Wisdom's known
With ease, what should, and what should not be done;
Yet all the labour in the Practice lies,
To be in more than Words, and Notion wise.
The sacred Truths of sound Philosophy
We study early, but we late apply.
When stubborn Anguish seizes on the Soul,
Right-Reason would its haughty Rage controul;
But if it mayn't be suffer'd, to endure
The Pain is just, when we reject the Cure.
For many Men, close observation finds,
Of copious Learning, and exalted Minds;
Who tremble at the sight of daring Woes,
And stoop ignobly to the vilest Foes;

62 POMFREY'S POEMS.

As if they understood not how to be
 Or wise, or brave, but in Felicity;
 And by some Action, servile, or unjust,
 Lay all their former Glories in the Dust.
 For Wisdom first the wretched Mortal flies,
 And leaves him naked to his Enemies.
 So that when most his Prudence should be shown,
 The most imprudent giddy things are done:
 For when the Mind's surrounded with Distress,
 Fear, or Inconstancy, the Judgment press,
 And render it incapable to make
 Wise Resolutions, or good Counsels take.
 Yet there's a steadiness of Soul, and Thought,
 By Reason bred, and by Religion taught,
 Which, like a Rock amidst the stormy Waves,
 Unmov'd remains, and all Affliction braves.

In sharp Misfortunes some will search too deep,
 What Heaven prohibits, and would secret keep:
 But those Events 'tis better not to know,
 Which known, serve only to increase our Woe.
 Knowledge forbid, ('tis dang'rous to pursue,
 With Guilt begins, and ends with Ruin too.
 For had our earliest Parents been content,
 Not to know more, than to be innocent:
 Their Ignorance of Evil had preserv'd;
 Their Joys entire; for then they had not swerv'd:
 But they imagin'd, (their Desires were such.)
 They knew too little, till they knew too much.

E'er since by Folly most to Wisdom rise,
And few are, but by sad Experience, Wise.

Consider, Friend! who all your Blessings gave,
What are recall'd again, and what you have;
And do not murmur, when you are bereft
Of little, if you have abundance left.
Consider too, how many Thousands are
Under the worst of Miseries, Despair;
And don't repine at what you now endure,
Custom will give you Ease, or Time will cure.
Once more consider, that the present Ill,
Tho' it be great, may yet be greater still;
And be not anxious; for to undergo
One Grief, is nothing to a numerous Woe.
But since it is impossible to be
Human, and not expos'd to Misery,
Bear it, my Friend, as bravely as you can;
You are not more, and be not less than Man!

Afflictions past, can no Existence find,
But in the wild Ideas of the Mind:
And why should we for those Misfortunes mourn,
Which have been suffer'd, and can ne'er return?
Those that have weather'd a tempestuous Night,
And find a Calm approaching with the Light,
Will not, unless their Reason they disown,
Still make those Dangers present, that are gone.
What is behind the Curtain, none can see;
It may be Joy, suppose it Misery.

64 POMFRET'S POEMS

'Tis future still, and that, which is not here,
 May never come, or we may never bare.
 Therefore the present Ill, alone we ought
 To view, in reason, with a troubled Thought:
 But, if we may the sacred Pages trust,
 He's always *Happy*, that is always *Just*.

TO his FRIEND inclin'd to MARRY.

I Would not have you, *Strepson*, chuse a Mate
 From too exalted, or too mean a State:
 For in both these, we may expect to find
 A creeping Spirit, or a haughty Mind.
 Who moves within the Middle Region, shares
 The least Disquiets, and the smallest Cares.
 Let her Extraction with true Lustre shine,
 If something brighter, not too bright for thine.
 Her Education liberal, not great,
 Neither Inferior, nor above her State.
 Let her have Wit, but let that Wit be free
 From Affectation, Pride, and Pedantry:
 For the effect of Woman's Wit is such,
 Too little is as dangerous, as too much.
 But chiefly, let her Humour close with thine,
 Unless where yours does to a Fault incline;
 The least Disparity in this destroys,
 Like sulph'rous Blasts, the very Buds of Joys.

Her

Her Person amiable, strait, and free
 From natural, or chance Deformity.
 Let not her Years exceed, if equal thine,
 For Women pass their Vigour soon decline;
 Her Fortune competent, and if thy Sight
 Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right.
 If thine's enough, then hers may be the less,
 Do not aspire to Riches in excess;
 For that which makes our Lives delightful prove,
 Is a genteel Sufficiency, and Love.

To a Painter, drawing DORINDA'S Picture.

Painter, the utmost of thy Judgment show,
 Exceed even *Titan*, and great *Angelo*;
 With all the liveliness of Thought express,
 The moving Features of *Dorinda's* Face.
 Thou canst not flatter, where such Beauty dwells;
 Her Charms thy Colours, and thy Art excels.
 Others, less Fair, may from thy Pencil have
 Graces, which sparing Nature never gave:
 But in *Dorinda's* Aspect thou wilt see
 Such as will pose thy famous Art, and Thee:
 So great, so many in her Face unite,
 So well proportion'd, and so wond'rous bright;
 No human Skill can e'er express 'em all,
 But must do wrong to th' fair Original.

66 POMFRET'S POEMS.

An Angel's Hand alone in Pencil fits,
To mix the Colours, when an Angel fits.

Thy Picture may as like *Dorinda* be,
As Art of Man can paint a Deity ;
And justly may perhaps, when she withdraws,
Excite our Wonder, and deserve Applause:
But when compar'd, you'll be oblig'd to own,
No Art can equal, what's by Nature done.
Great *Lely's* noble Hand, excell'd by few,
The Picture fairer than the Person drew:
He took the best that Nature could impart,
And made it better by his pow'rful Art.
But had he seen that bright surprizing Grace,
Which spreads its self o'er all *Dorinda's* Face,
Vain had been all the Effays of his Skill,
She must have been confest the fairest still.

Heaven in a Lanſcape may be wond'rous fine,
And look as bright as painted Light can ſhine,
But ſtill the real Glories of that place
All Art by infinite Degrees ſurpaſs.

To the PAINTER, after he had finiſh'd
DORINDA'S Picture.

PAINTER, thou haſt perform'd what Man can do,
Only *Dorinda's* ſelf more Charms can ſhew.

Bold

Bold are thy Strokes, and delicate each Touch,
 But still the Beauties of her Face are such
 As cannot justly be describ'd; tho' all
 Confess 'tis like the bright Original.
 In her, and in thy Picture, we may view
 The utmost Nature, or that Art can do,
 Each is a Master-piece, design'd so well,
 That future Times may strive to parallel,
 But neither Art nor Nature's able to excel.

CRUELTY and LUST. An Epistolary
 ESSAY. *

WHere can the wretched'st of all Creatures fly,
 To tell the Story of her Misery?
 Where, but so faithful *Celia*, in whose Mind
 A manly Brav'ry's with soft pity join'd.
 I fear these Lines will scarce be understood,
 Blurr'd with incessant Tears, and writ in Blood:
 But if you can the mournful Pages read,
 The sad Relation shows you such a Deed,
 As all the Annals of th' Infernal Reign
 Shall strive to equal, or exceed, in vain.

* This Piece was occasion'd by the Barbarity of
Kirke, a Commander in the *Western* Rebellion, 1685.
 who Debauched a young Lady, with a promise to save
 her Husband's Life, but hang'd him the next Morning.
Neronius's

Neronior's Fame, no doubt, has reach'd your Ears,
 Whose Cruelty has caus'd a Sea of Tears:
 Fill'd each lamenting Town with Fun'ral Sighs,
 Deploring Widows Shrieks, and Orphans Cries.
 At ev'ry Health the horrid Monster quaff'd,
 Ten wretches died, and as they died, he laugh'd:
 Till, tir'd with acting Devil, he was led,
 Drunk with excess of Blood, and Wine, to Bed,
 Oh cursed Place!——I can no more command
 My Pen, Shame and Confusion shake my Hand:
 But I must on, and let my *Celia* know,
 How barb'rous are my Wrongs, how vast my Woe.

Amongst those Crowds of *Western* Youth, who ran
 To meet the brave, betray'd, unhappy Man, *
 My Husband, fatally uniting, went;
 Unus'd to Arms, and thoughtless of th' Event.
 But when the Battle was by Treach'ry won,
 The Chief, and all; but his false Friend, undone:
 Tho' in the Tumult of that desp'rate Night,
 He 'scap'd the dreadful Slaughter of the Flight,
 Yet the sagacious Blood-hounds, skill'd too well
 In all the murd'ring Qualities of Hell,
 Each secret Place so regularly beat,
 They soon discover'd his unsafe Retreat.
 As hungry Wolves, triumphing o'er their Prey,
 To sure Destruction hurry them away.

* *The Duke of Monmouth.*

So the Purveyors of fierce *Moloch's* Son,
 With *Charion* to the common Butch'ry run;
 Where proud *Neronior* by his Gibbet stood
 To glut himself with fresh supplies of Blood.
 Our Friends, by pow'ful Intercession, gain'd
 A short Reprieve, but for three Days obtain'd,
 To try all ways might to Compassion move
 The Savage General, but in vain they strove,
 When I perceiv'd that all Addresses fail'd,
 And nothing o'er his stubborn Soul prevail'd,
 Distracted almost, to his Tent I flew,
 To make the last Effort what Tears could do.
 Low on my Knees I fell, then thus began:
 Great Genius of Success, thou more than Man!
 Whose Arms to ev'ry Clime have Terror hurl'd,
 And carried Conquest round the trembling World.
 Still may the brightest Glories Fame can lend,
 Your Sword, your Conduct, and your Cause attend.
 Here now, the Arbiter of Fate you sit,
 While suppliant Slaves their Rebel Heads submit.
 Oh pity the unfortunate, and give
 But this one thing? Oh let but *Charion* Live;
 And take that little all, that we possess;
 I'll bear the meager anguish of Distress;
 Content, nay pleas'd to beg, or earn my Bread,
 Let *Charion* live, no matter how I'm fed.
 The fall of such a Youth no lustre brings,
 To him whose Sword performs such wond'rous things,
 As saving Kingdoms, and supporting Kings.

That

70 POMFREY'S POEMS.

That Triumph only with true Grandeur shines,
 Where God-like Courage, God-like Pity joins.
Cæsar, the eldest Favourite of War,
 Took not more Pleasure to subdue, than spare:
 And since in Battle you can greater be,
 That over, be'nt less merciful than he.
 Ignoble Spirits by Revenge, are known,
 And cruel Actions spoil the Conqu'ror's Crown:
 In future Hist'ries fill each mournful Page
 With Tales of Blood, and Monuments of Rage:
 And while his Annals are with Horror read,
 Men curse him living, and detest him dead.
 Oh, do not sully with a sanguine Dye,
 The foulest Stain, so fair a Memory!
 Then as you'll live the Glory of our Isle,
 And Fate on all your Expeditions smile;
 So when a noble Course, you've bravely ran,
 Die the best Soldier, and the happiest Man.
 None can the Turns of Providence foresee,
 Or what their own Catastrophe may be;
 Therefore to Persons lab'ring under Woe,
 That mercy they may want, should always show,
 For in the Chance of War, the slightest thing
 May lose the Battle, or the Vict'ry bring.
 And how would you that General's Honour prize,
 Should in cool Blood his Captive Sacrifice?

He that with Rebel Arms to fight is led,
 To Justice forfeits his opprobrious Head:

But

But 'tis unhappy *Charion*'s first Offence,
Seduc'd by some too plausible Pretence,
To take the inj'ring Side by Error brought;
He had no Malice, tho' he has the Fault.
Let the old Tempters find a shameful Grave,
But the half-innocent, the Tempted, save.
Vengeance Divine, tho' for the greatest Crime,
But rarely strikes the first or second Time:
And he best follows the Almighty's Will,
Who spares the Guilely, he has Pow'r to kill.
When proud Rebellions would unhinge a State,
And wild Disorders in a Land create,
'Tis requisite, the first Promoters shou'd
Put out the Flames, they kindled, with their Blood:
But sure 'tis a Degree of Murder, all
That draw their Swords, should undistinguish'd fall:
And since a Mercy must to some be shown,
Let *Charion* 'mongst the happy few be One:
For as none guilty has less Guilt than he,
So none for Pardon has a fairer Plea.

When *David*'s General had won the Field,
And *Abfalem*, the lov'd Ungrateful, kill'd,
The Trumpets founding made all Slaughter cease,
And mis-led *Israelites* return'd in Peace.
The Action past, where so much Blood was spilt,
We hear of none arraign'd for that Day's Guilt:
But all concludes with the desir'd Event,
The Monarch pardons, and the *Jews* repent.

72 POMFRET'S POEMS.

As great Examples your high Courage warms,
And to illustrious Deeds excites your Arms:
So when you Instances of Mercy view,
They should inspire you with Compassion too:
For he that emulates the truly Brave,
Would always conquer, and should always save.

Here interrupting, stern *Neronior* cry'd,
(Swell'd with Success, and blubber'd up with Pride).
Madam, his Life depends upon my Will,
For ev'ry Rebel, I can spare, or kill:
I'll think of what you've said, this Night return
At Ten, perhaps you'll have no Cause to mourn.
Go see your Husband, bid him not despair;
His Crime is great, but you are wond'rous Fair.

When anxious Miseries the Soul amaze,
And dire Confusion in our Spirits raise;
Upon the least Appearance of Relief
Our Hopes revive, and mitigate our Grief.
Impatience makes our Wishes earnest grow,
Which thro' false Opticks our Deliv'rance show.
For while we fancy Danger does appear,
Most at a distance, it is oft too near:
And many times secure from obvious Foes,
We fall into an Ambuscade of Woes.

Pleas'd with the false *Neronior's* dark Reply,
I thought the End of all my Sorrows nigh;

And

And to the Main-guard hasten'd, where the Prey
Of this Blood-thirsty Fiend in durance lay.
When *Charion* saw me, from his turffy Bed
With Eagerness he rais'd his drooping Head.
Oh, fly, my Dear, this guilty Place, he cry'd,
And in some distant Clime thy Virtue hide!
Here nothing but the foulest Dæmons dwell,
The Refuse of the Damn'd, and Mob of Hell:
The Air they breath, is ev'ry Atom curst,
There's no Degrees of Ill, for all are worst.
In Rapes and Murders, they alone delight,
And Villanies of less Importance slight:
Aft 'em indeed, but scorn they should be nam'd,
For all their Glory's to be more than damn'd;
Neronior's Chief of this infernal Crew,
And seems to merit that high Station too.
Nothing but Rage and Lust inspire his Breast,
By *Asmodai*, and *Maloc* both possess'd.
When told you went to intercede for me,
It threw my Soul into an Agony.
Not that I would not for my Freedom give
What's requisite, or do not wish to live;
But for my Safety I can ne'er be base,
Or buy a few short Years with long Disgrace.
Nor would I have your yet unspotted Fame
For me expos'd to an eternal Shame.
With Ignominy to preserve my Breath,
Is worse, by infinite Degrees, than Death.
But if I can't my Life with Honour save,
With Honour I'll descend into the Grave;

For tho' Revenge and Malice both combine,
 (As both to fix my Ruin seem to join)
 Yet maugre all their Violence and Skill,
 I can die just, and am resolv'd I will.

But what is Death, we so unwisely fear?
 An End of all our busy Tumults here:
 The equal Lot of Poverty and State,
 Which all partake of by a certain Fate.
 Who e'er the Prospect of Mankind surveys,
 At divers Ages, and by divers ways,
 Will find 'em from this noisy Scene retire,
 Some, the first Minute that they breath, expire:
 Others perhaps survive to talk and go,
 But die, before they Good or Evil know.
 Here one to Puberty arrives, and then
 Returns lamented to the Dust again:
 Another there, maintains a longer Strife
 With all the pow'rful Enemies of Life;
 Till with Vexation tir'd, and threescore Years,
 He drops into the Dark, and disappears.
 I'm young indeed, and might expect to see
 Times future long, and late Posterity.
 'Tis what with Reason I should wish to do,
 If to be old, were to be happy too.
 But since substantial Grief so soon destroys
 The Gust of all imaginary Joys,
 Who would be too importunate to live,
 Or more for Life, than it can merit, give.

Beyond

Beyond the Grave stupendous Regions lie,
 The boundless Realms of vast Eternity;
 Where Minds, remov'd from earthly Bodies dwell;
 But who their Government, or Laws can tell?
 What's their Employment till the final Doom,
 And Time's eternal Period shall come?
 Thus much the sacred Oracles declare,
 That all are blest, or miserable there:
 Tho' if there's such Variety of Fate,
 None good expire too soon, none bad too late.
 For my own Part, with Resignation still
 I can submit to my Creator's Will:
 Let him recal the Breath, from him I drew,
 When he thinks fit, and when he pleases too;
 The Way of dying is my least Concern,
 That will give no Disturbance to my Urn:
 If to the Seats of Happiness I go,
 There end all possible Returns of Woe:
 And when to those blest Mansions I arrive,
 With pity I'll behold those that survive.
 Once more I beg, you'd from these Tents retreat,
 And leave me to my Innocence, and Fate.

Charion, said I, oh, do not urge my Flight!
 I'll see the Event of this important Night:
 Some strange Presages in my Soul forebode
 The worst of Mis'ries, or the greatest Good.
 Few Hours will show the utmost of my Doom,
 A joyful Safety, or a peaceful Tomb.

76 POMFRET'S POEMS.

If you miscarry, I'm resolv'd to try,
 If gracious Heaven will suffer me to die:
 For when you are to endless Raptures gone,
 If I survive, 'tis but to be undone.
 Who will support an injur'd Widow's Right,
 From sly injustice, or oppressive Might?
 Protect her Person, or her Cause defend?
 She rarely wants a Foe, or finds a Friend:
 I've no distrust of Providence, but still
 'Tis best to go beyond the Reach of Ill:
 And those can have no Reason to repent,
 Who, tho' they die betimes, die innocent.
 But to a World of everlasting Bliss
 Why would you go, and leave me here in this?
 'Tis a dark Passage, but our Foes shall view,
 I'll die as calm, tho' not so brave as you:
 That my Behaviour to the last may prove,
 Your Courage is not greater than my Love.
 The Hour approach'd, as to *Neronior's* Tent
 With trembling, but impatient Steps I went;
 A thousand Horrors throng'd into my Breast,
 By sad Ideas, and strong Fears possess'd.
 Where-e'er I pass'd, the glaring Lights would show
 Fresh Objects of Despair, and Scenes of Woe.

Here, in a Crowd of drunken Soldiers, stood
 A wretched, poor old Man, besmear'd with Blood,
 And at his Feet, just thro' the Body run,
 Struggling for Life, was laid his only Son;

By

By whose hard Labour he was daily fed,
Dividing still with pious Care, his Bread.
And while he mourn'd with Floods of aged Tears,
The sole Support of his decap'd Years,
The barb'rous Mob, whose Rage no Limit knows,
With blasphemous Derision mock'd his Woes.

These, under a wide Oak, disconsolate,
And drown'd in Tears, a mournful Widow sat.
High in the Boughs the murder'd Father hung;
Beneath, the Children round their Mother clung;
They cry'd for Food, but 'twas without Relief;
For all they had to live upon, was Grief:
A Sorrow so intense, such deep despair,
No Creature, meetly Human, long could bear.
First in her Arms her weeping Babes she took,
And with a Groan, did to her Husband look!
Then lean'd her Head on theirs, and sighing cry'd,
Pity me, Saviour of the World! and dy'd.

From this sad Spectacle my Eyes I turn'd,
Where Sons their Fathers, Maids their Lovers mourn'd;
Friends for their Friends, Sisters for Brothers wept;
Pris'ners of War in Chains, for Slaughter kept.
Each ev'ry Hour did the black Message dread,
Which should declare, the Person lov'd was dead.
Then I beheld, with brutal Shows of Mirth,
A comely Youth, and of no common Birth,
To Execution led, who hardly bore
The Wounds in Battle, he receiv'd before;

And as he pass'd, I heard him bravely cry,
I neither wish to live, nor fear to die.

At the curst Tent arriv'd, without delay
They did me to the General convey ;
Who thus began —————
Madam ! by fresh Intelligence I find,
That *Charion's* Treason's of the blackest kind ;
And my Commission is express to spare
None that so deeply in Rebellion are.
New Measures therefore 'tis in vain to try,
No Pardon can be granted, he must Die :
Must, or I hazard all ; which yet I'd do,
To be oblig'd, in one Request, by you ;
And maugre all the Dangers I foresee ;
Be *Mine* this Night, I'll set your *Husband* free :
Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope Success
By supple Flattery, and by soft Address ;
The pert, gay Coxcomb, by these little Arts,
Gains an Ascendant o'er the Ladies Hearts,
But I can no such whining Methods use ;
Consent, he *Lives* ; he *Dies*, if you *Refuse*.

Amaz'd at this Demand, said I, the Brave,
Upon ignoble Terms, disdain to save ;
They let their Captives still with Honour live ;
Nor more require, than what themselves would give :
For gen'rous Victors, as they scorn to do
Dishonest Things, scorn to propose 'em too.

Mercy,

Mercy, the brightest Virtue of the Mind,
 Should with no devious Appetite be join'd:
 For if when exercis'd, a Crime it cost,
 Th' intrinsick Lustre of the Deed is lost.
 Great Men their Actions of a piece should have,
 Heroick all, and each intirely Brave:
 From the nice Rules of Honour none should swerve,
 Done because good, without a mean reserve.

The Crimes, new charg'd on the unhappy Youth;
 May have Revenge, and Malice, but no Truth.
 Suppose the Accusation justly brought,
 And clearly prov'd to the minutest fault,
 Yet Mercy's next, to infinite abate,
 Offences next, to infinitely Great:
 And 'tis the Glory of a noble Mind,
 In full Forgiveness not to be confin'd.
 Your Prince's Frowns, if you have cause to fear,
 This Act will more Illustrious appear;
 Tho' his excuse can never be withstood,
 Who disobeys, but only to be good.
 Perhaps the hazard's more than you express;
 The Glory would be, were the danger less.
 For he, that to his prejudice will do
 A noble Action, and a gen'rous too,
 Deserves to wear a more resplendent Crown,
 Than he, that has a thousand Battles won.
 Do not invert Divine Compassion so,
 As to be Cruel, or no Mercy show!

80 POMERET'S FORMS.

Of what Renown can such an Action be,
Which *Saves* my Husband's Life, but *Rains* me?
Tho' if you finally resolve to stand
Upon so vile, inglorious a Demand,
He must submit; If 'tis my Fate to mourn
His Death, I'll bathe with virtuous Tears his Urn.

Well, Madam, haughtily, *Never* cry'd,
Your Courage and your Virtue shall be try'd:
But to prevent all prospect of a Flight,
Some of my *Lambs* * shall be your Guard to Night.
By them, no doubt, you'll tenderly be us'd,
They seldom ask a Favour that's refus'd:
Perhaps you'll find them so genteely bred,
They'll leave you but few virtuous Tears to shed,
Surrounded with so innocent a Throng,
The Night must pass delightfully along:
And in the Morning, since you will not give
What I require, to let your Husband live,
You shall behold him sigh his latest Breath,
And gently swing into the Arms of Death.
His Fate he merits, as to Rebels due,
And yours will be as much deserv'd by you.

Oh, *Celia*, think! so far as Thought can show,
What Pangs of Grief, what Agonies of Woe,

* *Kirke* used to call the most Inhuman of his Soldiers, his *Lambs*.

At this dire Resolution seiz'd my Breast!
 By all things sad, and terrible posselt.
 In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,
 For all my Pray'rs were to a Tyger made;
 A Tyger! worse; for 'tis beyond dispute,
 No Fiend's so cruel as a Reas'ning Brute.
 Encompass'd thus, and hopeless of Relief,
 With all the Squadrons of Despair and Grief:
 Ruin—it was not possible to shun,
 What could I do, Oh! What would you have done?

The Hours that pass'd, till the black Morn return'd,
 With Tears of Blood should be for ever mourn'd.
 When to involve me with consummate Grief,
 Beyond Expression, and above belief,
 Madam, the Monster cry'd, that you may find
 I can be grateful to the Fair that's kind,
 Step to the Door, I'll show you such a Sight,
 Shall overwhelm your Spirits with Delight: —
 Does not the Wretch, who would Dethrone his King,
 Become the Gibbet, and adorn the String?
 You need not now an injur'd Husband dread,
 Living he might, he'll not upbraid you Dead.
 'Twas for your sake, I seiz'd upon his Life,
 He would perhaps have scorn'd so Chast a Wife.
 And, Madam, you'll excuse the Zeal I show,
 To keep that Secret none alive should know.
 Curst of all Creatures, for compar'd with thee,
 The Devils, said I, are dull in Cruelty.

O may

82 POMFREY'S POEMS.

O may that Tongue eternal Vipers breed,
 And, wasteless, their eternal Hunger feed,
 In Fires too hot for *Salamanders* dwell,
 The burning Earnest of a hotter Hell.
 May that vile Lump of execrable Lust,
 Corrupt alive, and rot into the Dust.
 May'tt thou despairing at the Point of Death,
 With Oaths and Blasphemies resign thy Breath;
 And the worst Torments that the Damn'd should share,
 In thine own Person all united bear.

O *Celia*, O my Friend! what Age can show
 Sorrows like mine, so exquisite a Woe?
 Indeed it does not infinite appear,
 Because it can't be everlasting here;
 But 'tis so vast, that it can ne'er increase,
 And so confirm'd, it never can be less.

On the Marriage of the Earl of A—— with the Countess of S——

Triumphant Beauty never looks so Gay,
 As on the Morning of a Nuptial Day.
 Love then within a larger Circle moves,
 New Graces adds, and ev'ry Charm improves;
 While *Hymen* does his sacred Rites prepare,
 The busy Nymphs attend the trembling Fair;

Whose

Whose Veins are swell'd with an unusual Heat;
 And eager Pulses with strange Motions beat;
 Alternate Passions various Thoughts impart,
 And painful Joys distend her throbbing Heart:
 Her Fears are great, and her Desires are strong,
 The Minutes fly too fast——yet stay too long:
 Now she is ready,——the next Moment not:
 All things are done——then something is forgot:
 She fears,——yet wishes the strange Work were done:
 Delays,——yet is impatient to be gone.
 Disorders thus from ev'ry Thought arise,
 What Love persuades, I know not what denies.

Achates' Choice does his firm Judgment prove,
 And shows at once he can be wise and love;
 Because it from no spurious Passion came,
 But was the Product of a noble Flame:
 Bold without Rudeness, without blazing bright,
 Pure as fixt Stars, and uncorrupt as Light;
 By just Degrees it to Perfection grew,
 An early Ripeness, but a lasting too.
 So the bright Sun ascending to his Noon,
 Moves not too slowly, nor is there too soon.

But tho' *Achates* was unkindly driv'n.
 From his own Land, he's banish'd into Heaven;
 For sure the Raptures of *Cosmelia's* Love
 Are next, if only next, to those above:
 Thus Pow'r Divine does with his Foes engage,
 Rewards his Virtues, and defeats their Rage;

For

84 POMFRET'S POEMS.

For first it did to fair *Cosmelia* give
All that a Human Creature could receive:
Whate'er can raise our Wonder or Delight;
Transport the Soul, or gratify the Sight;
Then in the full Perfection of her Charms,
Lodg'd the bright Virgin in *Achates'* Arms.

What Angels are, is in *Cosmelia* seen,
Their Awful Glories, and their God-like Mien;
For in her Aspect all the Graces meet,
All that is Noble, Beautiful, or Sweet;
There ev'ry Charm in lofty Triumph fits,
Scorns poor Defect, and to no Fault submits;
There Symmetry, Complexion, Air, unite,
Sublimely Noble, and amazing Bright.
So, newly finish'd by the Hand Divine.
Before her Fall, did the first Woman shine:
But *Eve* in one great Point she does excel;
Cosmelia never err'd at all, She fell.
From her, Temptation in Despair withdrew,
Nor more assaults, whom it could ne'er subdue.

Virtue confirm'd, and regularly brought
To full Maturity by serious Thought;
Her Actions with a watchful Eye surveys,
Each Passion guides, and ev'ry Motion sways;
Not the least Failure in her Conduct lies,
So gaily modest, and so freely wise.

Her

Her Judgment sure, impartial, and refin'd,
With Wit that's clear, and penetrating join'd,
O'er all the Efforts of her Mind presides,
And to the noblest End her Labours guides :
She knows the best, and does the best pursue,
And treads the Maze of Life without a Clew ;
That the weak only and the wav'ring lack,
When they're mistaken, to conduct 'em back :
She does amidst ten Thousand Ways prefer
The right, as if not capable to err.

Her Fancy strong, vivacious, and sublime,
Seldom betrays her Converse to a Crime ;
And tho' it moves with a luxuriant Heat,
'Tis ne'er precipitous, but always great :
For each Expression, ev'ry teeming Thought,
Is to the scanning of her Judgment brought ;
Which wisely separates the finest Gold,
And casts the Image in a beauteous Mold.

No trifling Words debase her Eloquence,
But all's Pathetick, all is Sterling Sense,
Refin'd from drossy Chat, and idle Noise,
With which the Female Conversation cloy's ;
So well she knows what's understood by few,
To time her Thoughts, and to express 'em too ;
That what she speaks does to the Soul transmit.
The fair Ideas of delightful Wit.

86 POMFRET'S POEMS.

Illustrious Born, and as illustrious Bred,
By great Example to wise Actions led;
Much to the Fame her Lineal Heroes bore
She owes, but to her own high Genius more;
And, by a noble Emulation mov'd,
Excell'd their Virtues, and her own improv'd,
Till they arriv'd to that Celestial Height,
Scarce Angels Greater be, or Saints so bright.

But if COSMELIA could yet Lovelier be,
Of Nobler Birth, or more a Deity,
ACHATES inherits Her, tho' none but He,
Whose Gen'rous Soul abhors a base Disguise,
Resolv'd in Action, and in Council Wise,
Too well confirm'd and fortified within,
For Threats to force, or Flattery to win.
Unmov'd, amidst the Hurricane he stood,
He dare be Guiltless, and he will be Good.

Since the first Pair in Paradise were join'd,
Two Hearts were ne'er so happily combin'd.
ACHATES, Life to fair COSMELIA gives,
In fair COSMELIA, Great ACHATES lives:
Each, is to other, the Divinest Bliss;
He, is her Heaven, and She, is more than Him.
Oh, may the kindest Influence Above
Protect their Persons, and Indulge their Love.

An

An Inscription for the Monument of DIANA
Countess of OXFORD and ELGIN.

DIANA OXONII & ELGINI Comitissa.

Q U Æ.

ILLUSTRI orta Sanguine, Sanguinem, Illustravit,
Ceciliorum Meritis Clara, suis Clarissima;
Ut que nesciret minor esse Maximis.
Vitam ineuntem Innocentia,
Precedentem ampla Virtutum Cobors.
Exeuntem mors Beatissimâ decoravit,
(Volente Numine)
Ut nusquam deesset aut Virtus aut Felicitas.
Ducibus tantæ Meritis
Utrique Charissima:
Primum
(Quem ad Annos habuit)
Impense dilexit:
Secundum
(Quem ad Annos viginti quatuor)
Tanta Pietate, Et Amore coluit:
Ut Cui, vivens,
Obsequium tanquam Patri præstitit:
Moriens!
Patrimonium tanquam Filio reliquit.

88 POMFRET'S POEMS.

*Noverca cum esset,
Maternam Pietatem facile Superavit:
Famulitii adeo Matrem Prudentemq; curam gessit,
Ut non tam Domina Familiæ præesse,
Quam Anima Corpori inesse videretur.
Denique
Cum Pudico, Humili, Forti, Sancto Animo;
Virginibus, Conjugibus, Viduis, omnibus
Exemplum Consecrasset Integerrimum;
Terris Anima Major, ad Similes evolavit Superos.*

The foregoing INSCRIPTION attempted in
ENGLISH.

DIANA Countess of OXFORD and ELGIN.

WHO from a Race of noble Heroes came,
And added Lustre to its antient Name:
Round her the Virtues of the CECILS shone,
But with inferior Brightness to her own;
Which she refin'd to that sublime Degree,
The greatest Mortal cou'd not greater be.
Each Stage of Life peculiar Splendor had;
Her tender Years with Innocence were clad,
Maturer grown, whate'er was brave and good
In the Retinue of her Virtues stood:

And

And at the final Period of her Breath,
 She crown'd her Life with a propitious Death;
 That no Occasion might be wanting here
 To make her Virtues fan'd, or Joy's increase.
 Two noble Lords her Genial Bed possess'd,
 A Wife to both, the dearest and the best.
 OXFORD submitted in one Year to Fate,
 For whom her Passion was exceeding great.
 To ELOIN, full six *Lustra* were assign'd,
 And him she lov'd with so intense a Mind,
 That living, like a Father she obey'd,
 Dying, as to a Son, left all she had.
 When a Step-Mother, she soon soar'd above
 The common Height, ev'n of Maternal Love.
 She did her num'rous Family command
 With such a tender Care, so wise a Hand,
 She seem'd no otherwise a Mistress there
 Than God-like Souls in Human Bodies are.
 But when to all she had Example shew'd,
 How to be Great and Humble, Chaste and Good,
 Her Soul, for Earth too excellent, too high,
 Flew to its Peers, the Princes of the Sky.

Upon the DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

A Pindaric Essay.

Ἐκ τῆς οὐδίας
 Ὁ δὲ θεῶν τῶν τελευτῶν καὶ γὰρ μανθάνει
Sophoc.

UNITY. ETERNITY.

I.
WHence sprung this glorious Frame, or whence began
 Things to exist, they could not always be ?
 To what stupendous Energy
 Shall we ascribe the Origin of Man ?
 That Cause from whence all Beings else arose
 Must Self-existent be alone,
 Intirely perfect, and but one :
 Nor equal, nor superior knows ;
 Two firsts, in Reason, we can ne'er suppose,
 If that, in false Opinion, we allow,
 That once there absolutely nothing was,
 Then nothing could be now :
 For by what Instrument, or how
 Non-existence to Existence pass ?
 Thus something must from Everlasting be,
 Or Matter, or a Deity.

If Matter only uncreate we grant,
 We shall Volition, Wit and Reason want;
 An Agent infinite, and Action free,
 Whence does Volition, whence does Reason flow?
 How came we to reflect, design, and know?

This from a noble Nature springs,
 Distinct in Essence from material Things;
 For Thoughtless Matter cannot Thought bestow,

But if we own a God supream,
 And all Perfection's possible in him;
 In him does boundless Excellence reside,
 Power to create, and Providence to guide.

Unmade himself, could no Beginning have,
 But to all Substance prime Existence gave;
 Can, what he will destroy, and what he pleases save.

POWER.

II.

The undesigning Hand of giddy Chance,
 Could never fill with Globes of Light,
 So beautiful, and so amazing bright,
 The lofty Concave of the vast Expanse;
 These could proceed from no less Power than Infinite.
 There's not one Atom of this wond'rous Frame,
 Nor Essence intellectual, but took
 Existence, when the great Creator spoke,
 And from the common Womb of empty nothing came.
 Let Substance be, he cry'd, and straight arose
 Angelick, and corporeal too,
 All that material Nature shows,

And

922 PONTAULT'S POEMS.

And what does Things invisible compose,
 At the same Instant sprung, and into Being flow.
 Mount to the Convex of the highest Sphere,
 Which draws a mighty Circle round
 Th' interior Orb, as their capacious Round
 There Millions of new Miracles appear.
 There dwell the eldest Sons of Power Immortal,
 Who first were to Perfection wrought,
 First to complete Existence brought,
 To whom their Maker did dispart
 The largest Portions of created Excellence.
 Eternal now, not of Necessity,
 As if they could not cease to be,
 Or were from possible Destruction free:
 But on the Will of God depend,
 For that, which could begin, can end.
 Who, when the lower Worlds were made,
 Without the least Miscarriage, or Defect
 By the Almighty Architect,
 United Adoration paid,
 And with extatic Gratitude his Laws obey'd.

III.

Philosophy of old, in vain essay'd,
 To tell us, how this mighty Frame
 Into such beauteous Order came;
 But by false Reasonings, false Foundations laid,
 She labour'd hard, but still the more she wrought,
 The more was wilder'd in the Maze of Thought.
 Sometimes

POMFREY'S POEMS.

94

Sometimes the fancy'd Things to be
 Coeval with the Deity,
 And in the Form, which now they are
 From everlasting Ages were.
 Sometimes the casual Event
 Of Atoms floating in a Space immense,
 Void of all Wisdom, Rule and Sense,
 But, by a lucky Accident,
 Jumbled into this Scheme of wond'rous Excellence.
 'Twas an establish'd Article of old,
 Chief of the Philosophick Creed,
 And does in natural Productions hold,
 That from meer nothing, nothing could proceed:
 Material Substance never could have rose,
 If some Existence had not been before,
 In Wisdom infinite, immense in Power;
 Whate'er is made, a Maker must suppose,
 As an Effect, a Cause, that could produce it shows.
 Nature and Art indeed have Bounds assign'd,
 And only Form to Things, not Being, give,
 That, from Omnipotence they must receive:
 But the Eternal Self-existent Mind,
 Can with a single *Fiat* cause to be
 All, that the wond'ring Eye surveys,
 And all, it cannot see.
 Nature may shape a beauteous Tree,
 And Art a noble Palace raise,
 But must not to creative Power aspire;
 That, their great God alone can claim,
 As pre-existing Substance doth require,
 So where they nothing find, can nothing frame.

WISDOM.

WISDOM.

IV.

Matter produc'd had still a Chaos been,
 For jarring Elements engag'd
 Eternal Battles would have wag'd,
 And fill'd with endless Horror the tumultuous Scene;
 If Wisdom infinite, for less
 Could not the vast prodigious Embrio wield,
 Or Strength compleat to labouring Nature yield,
 Had not with actual Address
 Compos'd the bellowing Hurry, and establish'd Peace.
 What'er this visible Creation shows
 That's lovely, uniform, and bright.
 That gilds the Morning, or adorns the Night,
 To her its Eminence and Beauty owes.
 By her all Creatures have their Ends assign'd,
 Proportion'd to their Nature and their Kind;
 To which they readily advance,
 Mov'd by right Reason's high Command,
 Or guided by the secret Hand
 Of real Instinct, not imaginary Chance.
 Nothing but Men reject her sacred Rules,
 Who from the End of their Creation fly,
 And deviate into Misery:
 As if the Liberty to act like Fools
 Were the chief Cause, that Heaven made 'em free.

PRO-

PROVIDENCE.

V.

Bold is the Wretch, and blasphemous the Man,
 Who, finite, will attempt to scan
 The Works of him that's infinitely wise,
 And those he cannot comprehend, denies;
 As if a Space immense were measurable by a Span,
 Thus the proud Sceptick will not own,
 That Providence the World directs,
 Or its Affair inspects;
 But leaves it to itself alone.
 How does it with Almighty Grandeur suit,
 To be concern'd with our Impertinence;
 Or interpose his Power for the Defence
 Of a poor Mortal; or a senseless Brute?
 Villains could never so successful prove,
 And unmolested in those Pleasures live,
 Which Honour, Ease, and Affluence give;
 While such as Heaven adore, and Virtue love,
 And most the Care of Providence deserve,
 Oppress'd with Pain and Ignominy starve.
 What Reason can the Wifest show,
 Why Murder does unpunish'd go?
 If the most High, that's just and good,
 Intends and governs all below;
 And yet regards not the loud Cries of guiltless Blood.
 But shall we Things unsearchable deny,
 Because our Reason cannot tell us why
 They are allow'd, or acted by the Deity?

96 POMFRET'S POEMS.

'Tis equally above the Reach of Thought
 To comprehend, how Matter should be brought
 From nothing, as-existent be
 From all Eternity,
 And yet that Matter is, we feel and see,
 Nor is it easier to define
 What Ligatures the Soul and Body join :
 Or how the Mem'ry does th' Impression take
 Of Things, and to the Mind restores 'em back.

VI.

Did not th' Almighty with immediate Care,
 Direct and govern this capacious All,
 How soon would Things into Confusion fall ;
 Earthquakes the trembling Ground would tear,
 And blazing Comets rule the troubled Air.
 Wide Inundations with resistless Force,
 The lower Provinces o'erflow,
 In Spight of all that human Strength could do,
 To stop a raging Sea's impetuous Course :
 Murder and Rapine ev'ry Place would fill,
 And sinking Virtue stoop to prosp'rous Ill.
 Devouring Pestilences rave,
 And all that Part of Nature which has Breath,
 Deliver to the Tyranny of Death,
 And hurry to the Dungeons of the Grave,
 If watchful Providence were not concern'd to save.
 Let the brave Soldier speak, who oft' has been
 In dreadful Sieges, and fierce Battles seen ;
 How he's preserv'd, when Bombs and Bullets fly

So thick, that scarce one Inch of Air is free;
 And tho' he does ten Thousand Men
 Fall at his Feet, and in a Moment die,
 Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the Victory.
 Let the poor ship-wreck'd Sailor show,
 To what invifible protecting Power
 He did his Life and Safety owe,
 When the loud Storm his well-built Veffel tore,
 And half a fhatter'd Plank convey'd him to the Shore.
 Nay, let th' ungrateful Sceptick tell us, how
 His tender Infancy Protection found,
 And helpiefs Childhood was with Safety crown'd,
 If he'll no Providence allow?
 When he had nothing but his Nurfe's Arms
 To guard him from innumerable fatal Harms;
 From Childhood how to Youth he ran
 Securely, and from thence to Man?
 How in the Strength and Vigour of his Years,
 The feeble Bark of Life he faves,
 Amidft the Fury of tempeftuous Waves,
 From all the Dangers he forefees or fears;
 Yet ev'ry Hour 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis fteers;
 If Providence, which can the Seas command,
 Held not the Rudder with a fteady Hand?

OMNIPRESENCE.

VII.

'Tis happy for the Sons of Men, that He,
 Who all Exiftence out of nothing made,
 Supports his Creatures by immediate Aid;

K

But,

90 . POMFRET'S POEMS

But then this All-intruding Being

Must Omnipotent be:

For how shall we, by Demonstration, show

The God-head is this Moment here,

If he's not present ev'ry where:

And always so?

What's not perceptible by Sense, may be

Ten Thousand Miles remote from me,

Unless his Nature is from Limitation free.

In vain we for Protection pray:

For Benefits receiv'd, high Altars rais'd,

And offer up our Hymns and Praises

In vain his Anger dread, or Laws obey,

An absent God from Ruin can defend.

No more, than can an absent Friends

No more is capable to know

How gratefully we make Returns,

When the loud Music sounds, and Victim burns,

Than a poor *Indian Slave of Mexico*.

If so, 'tis equally in vain,

The Prosperous sings, and Wretched mourns.

He cannot hear the Praise, or mitigate the Pain.

But by what Being is confin'd

The God-head we adore?

He must have equal, or superior Power:

If equal only, they each other bind,

So neither's God, if we define him right,

For neither's Infinite:

But if the other have superior Might,

Then

POSSIBLE PROBLEMS.

99

Then him, we worship, / can't pretend to be
Omnipotent, and free
From all Restrict, and so no Deity.
If God is limited in Space, his View,
His Knowledge, Power, and Wisdom is so too:
Unless we'll own that these Perfections are
At all Times present ev'ry where;
Yet he himself not actually there.
Which to suppose, this strange Conclusion brings,
His Essence, and his Attributes are diff'rent Things.

IMMUTABILITY.

VIII.

As the Supreme Omniscient Mind
Is by no Boundaries confin'd,
So Reason must acknowledge him to be
From possible Mutation free;
For what he is, he was from all Eternity.
Change, whether the Effect of Force, or Will,
Must argue Imperfection still.
But Imperfection in a Deity
That's absolutely perfect, cannot be:
Who can compel, without his own Consent,
A God to change, that is Omnipotent?
And ev'ry Alteration without Force,
Is for the better or the worse:
He that is infinitely wise,
To alter for the worse will never choose,
That, a Depravity of Nature shows

K 2

And

100 POMFREY'S POEMS

And he, in whom all true Perfection lies,
 Cannot by Change to greater Excellencies rise.
 If God be mutable, which Way, or how
 Shall we demonstrate, that will please him now,
 Which did a thousand Years ago?
 And 'tis impossible to know
 What he forbids, or what he will allow.
 Murder, Inchantment, Lust, and Perjury,
 Did in the foremost Rank of Vices stand,
 Prohibited by an express Command;
 But whether such they still remain to be,
 No Argument will positively prove;
 Without immediate Notice from above;
 If the Almighty Legislator can
 Be chang'd, like his inconstant Subject, Man.
 Uncertain thus, what to perform, or shun,
 We all intolerable Hazards run,
 When an eternal Stake is to be lost, or won.

JUSTICE.

IX.

Rejoice, ye Sons of Piety, and sing
 Loud Hallelujahs to his glorious Name,
 Who was, and will for ever be the same:
 Your grateful Incense to his Temples bring,
 That from the smoking Altars may arise
 Clouds of Perfumes to the Imperial Skies.

His

His Promises bind firm to you,
 And endless Joys will be bestow'd,
 As sure, as that there is a God,
 On all who Virtue chuse, and righteous Paths pursue;
 Nor should we more his Mercies distrust,
 For while he is a Deity, he must
 (As infinitely good) be infinitely just.
 But does it with a gracious God-head lust,
 Whose Mercy is his darling Attribute,
 To punish Crimes that temporary last,
 And those but trivial Offences too,
 Mere Slips of Human Nature, small and few,
 With everlasting Misery?
 This shocks the Mind, with deep Reflection fraught;
 And Reason bends beneath the ponderous Thought.
 Crimes take their Estimate from Guilt, and grow
 More heinous still, the more they do importune
 That God, to whom all Creatures owe
 Profoundest Reverence.
 Tho' as to that Degree, they raise
 The Anger of the merciful most High,
 We have no Standard to discern it by,
 But the Infliction, he, on the Offender lays.
 So that if endless Punishment on all
 Our unrepented Sins must fall,
 None, not the least, can be accounted small.
 That God, is in Perfection just, must be
 Allow'd by all, that own a Deity;
 If so, from Equity he cannot fyerve,
 Nor punish Sinners more than they deserve.

His Will reveal'd, is both express and clear,

" Ye Curst of my Father, go

" To everlasting Woe;

If Everlasting means Eternal here,

Duration absolutely without End,

Against which Sense some zealously contend,

That when apply'd to Pains, it only means,

They shall ten Thousand Ages last,

Ten Thousand more, perhaps, when they are past,

But not Eternal in a Literal Sense;

Yet own the Pleasures of the Just remain,

So long as there's a God exists to reign.

The none can give a solid Reason, why

The Word Eternity,

To Heav'n and Hell indifferently join'd,

Should carry Senses of a different Kind;

And 'tis a sad Experiment to try.

GOODNESS.

X.

But if there be one Attribute divine,

With greater Lustre than the rest can shine,

'Tis Goodness, which we ev'ry Moment see

The God-head exercise with such Delight,

It seems; it only seems, to be

The best belov'd Perfection of the Deity,

And more than Infinite.

Without that, he could never prove

A proper Object of our Praise or Love.

Wm.

Were he not good, he'd be no more concern'd
 To hear the Wretched in Affliction cry,
 Or see the Guiltless for the Guilty die,
 Than NERO, when the flaming City burn'd,
 And weeping ROMANS o'er its Ruins mourn'd:
 Eternal Justice then would be
 But everlasting Cruelty;
 Power unrestrain'd, Almighty Violence,
 And Wisdom unconfin'd, but Craft immense,
 'Tis Goodness constitutes him that he is,
 And those
 Who will deny him this,
 A God without a Deity suppose.
 When the lewd Atheist blasphemously swears
 By his tremendous Name,
 There is no God, but all's a Sham;
 Insipid Tattle, Praise and Prayers:
 Virtue, Pretence; and all the sacred Rules
 Religion teaches, Tricks to cully Fools;
 Justice would strike th' audacious Villain dead;
 But Mercy boundless saves his guilty Head;
 Gives him Protection, and allows him Bread.
 Does not the Sinner, whom no Danger awes,
 Without Restraint his Infamy pursue;
 Rejoice, and glory in it too;
 Laugh at the Power Divine, and ridicule his Laws:
 Labour in Vice, his Rivals to excel,
 That when he's dead, they may their Pupils tell
 How wittily the Fool was damn'd, how hard he fell?

104 **POMPHRY'S POEMS.**

Yet this vile Wretch in Safety lives,
 Blessings in common with the Best receives,
 Tho' he is proud to affront the God those Blessings gives;
 The cheerful Sun his Influence sheds on all,
 Has no Respect to Good or Ill;
 And fruitful Showers without Distinction fall,
 Which Fields with Corn, with Grass the Pastures fill.
 The bounteous Hand of Heaven bestows
 Success and Honour many Times on those
 Who scorn his Favourites, and carels his Foes.

XI.

To this good God, whom my adventurous Pen
 Has dar'd to celebrate
 In lofty *Pindar's* Strain;
 Tho' with unequal Strength to bear the Weight
 Of such a pond'rous Theme, so infinitely great:
 To this good God, Celestial Spirits pay,
 With Ecstasy divine, incessant Praise,
 While on the Glories of his Face they gaze,
 In the bright Regions of eternal Day.
 To him each rational Existence here,
 Whose Breast one Spark of Gratitude contains,
 In whom there are the least Remains
 Of Piety or Fear,
 His Tribute brings of joyful Sacrifice,
 For Pardon prays, and for Protection flies;
 Nay, the inanimate Creation give,
 By prompt Obedience to his Word,
 Instinctive Honour to their Lord;
 And shame the thinking World, who in Rebellion live.

With

With Heaven and Earth then, O my Soul, unite;
 And the great God of both adore and bless,
 Who gives thee Competence, Content and Peace,
 The only Fountains of sincere Delight.
 That from the transitory Joys below,
 Thou, by a happy Exit, may'st remove
 To those ineffable above:
 Which from the Vision of the God-head flow,
 And neither End, Decrease, nor Interruption know.

ELEAZER'S Lamentation over JERUSA-
 LEM; paraphrased out of JOSEPHUS.

STANZA I.

ALAS, *Jerusalem!* Alas! where's now
 Thy pristine Glory, thy unmatched Renown
 To which the Heathen Monarchies did bow,
 Ah, hapless, miserable Town!
 Where's all thy Majesty, thy Beauty gone?
 Thou once most noble celebrated Place,
 The Joy, and the Delight of all the Earth;
 Who gav'st to God-like Princes Birth,
 And bred up Heroes, an immortal Race.
 Where's now the vast Magnificence which made
 The Souls of Foreigners adore
 Thy wond'rous Brightness, which no more
 Shall shine, but lie in an eternal Shade?

206 POMFRET'S POEMS.

Oh Misery! where's all her mighty Sam,
 Her splendid Train of numerous Kings,
 Her noble Edifices, noble Things,
 Which made her seem so eminently great?
 That barb'rous Princes in her Gates appear'd,
 And wealthy Presents, as their Tribute brought,
 To court her Friendship, for her Strength they fear'd,
 And all her wide Protection sought.
 But now, ah, now they laugh, and cry;
 See how her lofty Buildings lie,
 See how her flaming Towers gild the Sky!

II.

Where's all the Young, the Valiant, and the Gay
 That on her Festivals were us'd to play
 Harmonious Tunes, and beautify the Day?
 The glittering Troops, which did from far
 Bring home the Trophies, and the Spoils of War.
 Whom all the Nations round with Terror view'd,
 Nor durst their God-like Valour try,
 Where-e'er they fought, they certainly subdu'd,
 And ev'ry Combat gain'd a Victory.
 Ah! where's the House of the Eternal King,
 The beauteous Temple of the Lord of Hosts,
 To whose large Treasuries our Fleets did bring
 The Gold, and Jewels of remotest Coasts:
 There had the Infinite Creator plac'd
 His terrible, amazing Name:
 And with his more peculiar Presence grac'd.

That

That Heavenly Sanctuary, where no mortal came.
The High-Priest only, he but once a Year,
In that divine Apartment might appear;
So full of Glory, and so sacred then;
But now corrupted with the Heaps of Slain,
Which scatter'd round with Blood, defile the mighty Fane.

III.

Alas, Jerusalem! each spacious Street
Was once so fill'd, the numerous Throng
Were forc'd to jostle as they pass'd along;
And Thousands did with Thousands meet.
The Darling then of God, and Man's belov'd Retreat,
In thee was the bright Throne of Justice fixt,
Justice impartial, and with Fraud unmixt.
She scorn'd the Beauties of fallacious Gold,
Despising the most wealthy Bribes;
But did the sacred Balance hold
With God-like Faith to all our happy Tribes.
Thy well-built Streets, and ev'ry noble Square,
Were once with polish'd Marble laid,
And all thy lofty Bull-warks made
With wond'rous Labour, and with artful Care,
Thy pond'rous Gates, surprizing to behold,
Were cover'd o'er with solid Gold;
Whose Splendor did so glorious appear,
It ravish'd and amaz'd the Eye;
And Strangers passing, to themselves wou'd cry,

What

108 POMFREY'S POEMS.

What mighty Heaps of Wealth are here!
 How thick the Bars of massy Silver lie!
 O happy People! and still happy be,
 Celestial City! from Destruction free,
 May'st thou enjoy a long entire Prosperity.

IV.

But now, oh wretched, wretched Place!
 Thy Streets and Palaces are spread
 With Heaps of Carcasses, and Mountains of the Dead,
 The bleeding Relicks of the *Jewish* Race:
 Each Corner of the Town, no vacant Space,
 But is with breathless Bodies fill'd;
 Some by the Sword, and some by Famine kill'd,
 Natives and Strangers are together laid,
 Death's Arrows all at random flew
 Amongst the Crowd; and no Distinction made;
 But both the Coward and the Valiant flew.
 All in one dismal Ruin join'd,
 (For Swords and Pestilence are blind.)
 The Fair, the Good, the Brave, no Mercy find;
 Those that from far, with joyful Haste,
 Came to attend thy Festival,
 Of the same bitter Potion taste,
 And by the black destructive Poison fall,
 For the avenging Sentence pass'd on all.
 Oh! see how the Delight of Human Eyes
 In horrid Desolation lies!

See

See how the burning Ruins flame,
 Nothing now left, but a sad empty Name;
 And the triumphant Victor cries,
 This was the fam'd *Jerusalem*!

V.

The most obdurate Creature must
 Be griev'd to see thy Palaces in Dust,
 Those antient Habitations of the Just:
 And could the Marble Rocks but know
 The Mis'ries of thy fatal Overthrow,
 They'd strive to find some secret Way unknown,
 Maugre the senseless Nature of the Stone,
 Their Pity and Concern to show.
 For now, where lofty Buildings stood,
 Thy Sons corrupted Carcasses are laid;
 And all by this Destruction made
 One common *Golgotha*, one Field of Blood.
 See! how those antient Men, which rul'd thy State,
 And made thee happy, made thee great,
 Who sat upon the awful Chair
 Of mighty *Kings*, in long Scarlet clad,
 The Good to cherish, and chastise the Bad;
 Now sit in the corrupted Air,
 In silent Melancholy, and in sad Despair:
 See! how their murder'd Children round 'em lie!
 Ah, dismal Scene! hark how they cry!
 Woe! Woe! one Beam of Mercy give,
 Good Heaven! Alas, for we would live!
 Be pitiful, and suffer us to die!

TO POMPREY'S POEMS.

Thus they lament, thus beg for Ease,
While in their feeble aged Arms they hold
The Bodies of the Offspring, stiff and cold,
To guard 'em from the ravenous Savages:
'Till their increasing Sorrows Death persuade

(For Death must sure with Pity see
The horrid Desolation he has made)
To put a Period to their Miserie.

Thy wretched Daughters that survive,
Are by the Heathen kept alive

Only to gratify their Lust,

And then be mixt with common Dust.

Oh! insupportable, stupendous Woe!

What shall we do? Ah! whither shall we go?

Down to the Grave, down to those happy Shades below;

Where all our brave Progenitors are blest

With endless Triumph, and eternal Rest.

VI.

But who without a Flood of Tears can see

Thy mournful sad Catastrophe?

Who can behold thy glorious Temple lie

In Ashes, and not be in Pain to die?

Unhappy, dear Jerusalem! thy Woes

Have rais'd my Griefs to such a wild Excess,

Their mighty Weight no Mortal knows,

Thought cannot comprehend, or Words express,

Nor can they possibly, while I survive, be less.

Good

POMFREY'S POEMS. III.

Good Heaven had been extremely kind,
 If it had struck me dead, or struck me blind,
 Before this cursed Time, this worst of Days.
 Is Death quite tir'd, are all his Arrows spent?
 If not, why then so many dull Delays?
 Quick, quick, let the obliging Dart be sent!
 Nay, at me only, let ten Thousand fly,
 Whoe'er shall wretchedly survive, that I
 May, happily, be sure to die.
 Yet still we live, live in Excess of Pain,
 Our Friends and Relatives are slain;
 Nothing but Ruins round us see,
 Nothing but Desolation, Woe, and Misery I
 Nay, while we thus with bleeding Hearts complain,
 Our Enemies without, prepare
 Their direful Engines to pursue the War;
 And you must slavishly preserve your Breath,
 Or seek for Freedom in the Arms of Death.

VII.

Thus then resolve, nor tremble at the Thought,
 Can Glory be too dearly bought?
 Since the Almighty Wisdom has decreed
 That we, and all our Progeny, should bleed,
 It shall be after such a noble Way,
 Succeeding Ages will with Wonder view,
 What brave Despair compell'd us too:
 No, we will ne'er survive another Day.

112. POMFREY'S POEMS.

Bring then your Wives, your Children, all
That's valuable, good, or dear,
With ready Hands, and place 'em here ;
They shall unite in one vast Funeral.
I know your Courages are truly brave,
And dare do any Thing, but ill ;
Who would an aged Father save,
That he may live in Chains, and be a Slave,
Or for remorseless Enemies to kill ?
Let your bold Hands then give the fatal Blow ;
For what at any other Time would be
The dire Effect of Rage and Cruelty,
Is Mercy, Tenderness, and Pity now,
This then perform'd, we'll to the Battle fly,
And there amidst our slaughter'd Foes expire.
If 'tis Revenge and Glory you desire,
Now you may have them, if you dare but die ;
Nay more, ev'n Freedom and Eternity.

A Prospect of DEATH. A Pindarick ESSAY.

*Sed omnes una manet nox,
Et calcanda semel via Letbi.*

Hor.

I.

Since we can die but once, and after Death
Our State no Alteration knows ;
But when we have resign'd our Breath,

Th.

POMFREY'S POEMS. 113

Th' immortal Spirit goes
 To endless Joys, or everlasting Woes.
 Wife is the Man who labours to secure
 That mighty and important Stake;
 And, by all Methods, strives to make
 His Passage safe, and his Reception sure.
 Merely to die, no Man of Reason fears,
 For certainly we must,
 As we are born, return to Dust:
 'Tis the last Point of many lingering Years.
 But whither then we go,
 Whither, we fain would know;
 But Human Understanding cannot show,
 This makes us tremble, and creates
 Strange Apprehensions in the Mind;
 Fills it with restless Doubts, and wild Debates,
 Concerning what, we Living, cannot find.
 None know what Death is, but the Dead;
 Therefore we all by Nature, Dying dread,
 As a strange doubtful Way, we know not how to tread.

II.

When to the Margin of the Grave we come,
 And scarce have one black painful Hour to live,
 No Hopes, no Prospect of a kind Reprieve,
 To stop our speedy Passage to the Tomb.
 How moving, and how mournful is the Sight,
 How wond'rous pitiful, how wond'rous sad;
 Where then is Refuge, where is Comfort to be had,

In the dark Minutes of the dreadful Night,
 To cheer our drooping Souls for their amazing Flight;
 Feeble and languishing in Bed we lie,
 Despairing to recover, void of Rest,
 Wishing for Death, and yet afraid to die:
 Terrors and Doubts distract our Breast,
 With mighty Agonies, and mighty Pains oppress.

III.

Our Face is moisten'd with a clammy Sweat;
 Faint and irregular the Pulses beat;
 The Blood unactive grows,
 And thickens as it flows,
 Depriv'd of all its Vigour, all its vital Heat.
 Our dying Eyes rowl heavily about,
 Their Light just going out;
 And for some kind Assistance call,
 But Pity, useless Pity's all
 Our weeping Friends can give,
 Or we receive;
 Tho' their Desires are great, their Pow'rs are small.
 The Tongue's unable to declare
 The Pains, the Griefs, the Miseries we bear;
 How insupportable our Torments are.
 Musick no more delights our deaf'ning Ears,
 Restores our Joys, or dissipates our Fears;
 But all is melancholy, all is sad,
 In Robes of deepest Mourning clad:

For

POMPHRETS POEMS. 115

For ev'ry Faculty, and ev'ry Sense,
Partakes the Woe of this dire Exigence.

IV.

Then we are sensible, too late,
'Tis no Advantage to be rich or great:
For all the fulsome Pride and Pageantry of State,
No Consolation brings.
Riches and Honours then are useless Things,
Tasteless, or bitter all;
And, like the Book which the Apostle eat,
To the ill-judging Palate sweet,
But turn at last to Nauseousness and Gall.
Nothing will then our drooping Spirits cheer,
But the Remembrance of good Actions past.
Virtue's a Joy that will for ever last,
And makes pale Death less terrible appear;
Takes out his baneful Sting, and palliates our Fear.
In the dark Anti-Chamber of the Grave,
What wou'd we give, ev'n all we have,
All that our Cares and industry had gain'd,
All that our Fraud, our Policy, our Art obtain'd,
Cou'd we recal those fatal Hours again,
Which we consum'd in senseless Vanities,
Ambitious Follies, and Luxurious Ease;
For then they urge our Terrors, and increase our Pain.

V. Our

V.

Our Friends and Relatives stand weeping by,
 Dissolv'd in Tears to see us die;
 And plunge into the deep Abyss of wide Eternity.
 In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve,
 Their Sorrows cannot ours relieve.
 They pity our deplorable Estate,
 But what, alas! can Pity do,
 To soften the Decrees of Fate?
 Besides, the Sentence is irrevocable too.
 All their Endeavours to preserve our Breath;
 Tho' they do unsuccessful prove,
 Show us how much, how tenderly they love,
 But cannot cut off the Entail of Death.
 Mournful they look, and crowd about our Bed,
 One with officious Haste,
 Brings us a Cordial we want Sense to taste:
 Another softly raises up our Head;
 This wipes away the Sweat, that, sighing, cries,
 See what Convulsions, what strong Agonies,
 Both Soul and Body undergo!
 His Pains no Intermision know:
 For ev'ry Gulp of Air he draws, returns in Sighs.
 Each would his kind Assistance lend
 To save his dear Relation, or his dearer Friend:
 But still in vain, with Destiny they all contend.

VI. Our

VI.

Our Father, pale with Grief and watching Groans,
 Takes our cold Hand in his; and cries adieu,
 Adieu, my Child, now I must follow you.
 Then weeps, and gently lays it down,
 Our Sons, who in their tender Years,
 Were Objects of our Cares, and of our Fears;
 Come trembling to our Bed, and kneeling cry,
 Bless us, O Father! now before you die;
 Bless us, and be you blest to all Eternity.
 Our Friend, whom equal to ourselves we love,
 Compassionate and kind,
 Cries, will you leave me here behind,
 Without me fly, to the blest Seats above?
 Without me, did I say, ah no!
 Without thy Friend thou can'st not go:
 For tho' thou leav'st me grov'ling here below,
 My Soul with thee shall upward fly,
 And bear thy Spirit company,
 Thro' the bright Passage of the yielding Sky.
 Ev'n Death that parts thee from thyself, shall be
 Incapable to separate
 (For 'tis not this the Barrier of Fate)
 My Friend, my best, my dearest Friend, and me;
 But since it must be so, farewel
 For ever! No, for we shall meet agen,
 And live like Gods, tho' now we die like Men,
 In the eternal Regions, where just Spirits dwell.

VII. The

MR. POMFREY'S POEMS

VII.

The Soul, unable longer to maintain
The fruitless and unequal Strife,
Finding her weak Endeavours vain,
To keep the Counterfeits of Life,
By slow Degrees retires toward the Heart,
And fortifies that little Fort
With all the kind Artilleries of Art;
Botanick Legions guarding ev'ry Port.
But Death, whose Arms no Mortal can repel,
A formal Siege decides to lay,
Summons his fierce Battalions to the Pay,
And in a Minute storms the feeble Citadel.
Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
Pretends to make a solid Peace,
But 'tis all Sham, all Artifice;
That we may negligent and careless be:
For if his Armies are withdrawn To-day,
And we believe no Danger near,
But all is peaceable, and all is clear,
His Troops return some unsuspected Way,
While in the soft Embrace of Sleep we lie,
The secret Assassins stab us, and we die.

VIII.

Since our first Parents Fall,
Inevitable Death descends on all.

POMEROY'S POEMS. C 119

A Portion none of Human Race can miss,
 But that which makes it sweet, or bitter, is,
 The Fears of Misery, or certain Hopes of Bliss:
 For when the Impenitent and Wicked die,
 Loaded with Crimes and Infamy,
 If any Sense at that sad Time remains,
 They feel amazing Terrors, mighty Pains,
 The Earnest of that vast stupendous Woe,
 Which they to all Eternity must undergo;
 Confin'd in Hell with everlasting Chains.
 Infernal Spirits hover in the Air,
 Like ravenous Wolves, to seize upon the Prey,
 And hurry the departed Souls away
 To the dark Receptacles of Despair;
 Where they must dwell till that tremendous Day,
 When the loud Trump shall call them to appear
 Before a Judge most terrible, and most severe,
 By whose just Sentence they must go
 To everlasting Pains, and endless Woe.

III.

But the good Man, whose Soul is pure,
 Unspotted, regular, and free
 From all the ugly Stains of Lust, and Villainy,
 Of Misery, and of Pardon sure;
 Looks thro' the Darkness of the gloomy Night,
 And sees the Dawning of a glorious Day:
 Sees Crowds of Angels ready to convey

120 **POMFREY'S POEMS.**

His Soul, whene'er she takes her Flight,
 To the surprizing Mansions of immortal Light.
 Then the Celestial Guards around him stand,
 Nor suffer the black Demons of the Air
 To oppose his Passage to the promis'd Land;
 Or terrify his Thoughts with wild Despair,
 But all is calm within, and all without is fair.
 His Prayers, his Charity, his Virtues press,
 To plead for Mercy, when he wants it most;
 Not one of all the happy Number's lost;
 And those bright Advocates ne'er want Success:
 But when the Soul's releas'd from dull Mortality,
 She passes up in Triumph thro' the Sky,
 Where she's united to a glorious Throng
 Of Angels, who with a Celestial Song,
 Congratulate her Conquest as she flies along.

X.

If therefore all must quit the Stage,
 When, or how soon we cannot know,
 But late or early, we are sure to go;
 In the fresh Bloom of Youth, or wither'd Age;
 We cannot take too sedulous a Care,

In this important, grand Affair.

For as we die, we must remain,

Hereafter all our Hopes are vain,

To make our Peace with Heav'n, or to return again.

The Heathen, who no better understood

Than what the Light of Nature taught, declar'd

No future Misery cou'd be prepar'd

For the Sincere, the Merciful, the Good:

But,

But, if there was a State of Rest,
 They should with the same Happiness be blest,
 As the immortal Gods, if Gods there were, possess.
 We have the Promise of Eternal Truth,
 Those who live well, and pious Paths pursue,
 To Man, and to their Maker true,
 Let 'em expire in Age, or Youth,
 Can never miss
 Their Way to everlasting Bliss:
 But from a World of Misery and Care,
 To Mansions of eternal Ease repair:
 Where Joy in full Perfection flows,
 And in an endless Circle move,
 Thro' the vast Round of Beatifick Love,
 Which no Cessation knows.

On the General CONFLAGRATION, and
 ensuing JUDGMENT. A PINDARICK
 ESSAY.

*Esse quoque in Fatis, reminiscitur, affore tempus
 Quo Mars, quo Tellus, corruptaque Regia Cæli
 Ardeat, & Mundi Moles operosa laboret.* Ovid Met.

I.

NOW the black Days of Universal Doom,
 Which wond'rous Prophecies foretold, are come;
 M What

122. POMFRET'S POEMS.

What strong Convulsions, what stupendous Woe,
 Must sinking Nature undergo,
 Amidst the dreadful Wreck, and final Overthrow?
 Methinks I hear her, conscious of her Fate,
 With fearful Groans and hideous Cries,
 Fill the presaging Skies;
 Unable to support the Weight,
 Or of the present, or approaching Miseries.
 Methinks I hear her summon all,
 Her guilty Off-spring, raving with Despair,
 And trembling, cry aloud, prepare,
 Ye sublunary Pow'rs, t' attend my Funeral.

II.

See, see the tragical Portents,
 Those dismal Harbingers of dire Events!
 Loud Thunders roar, and darting Light'nings fly
 Thro' the dark Concave of the troubled Sky:
 The fiery Ravage is begun, the End is nigh,
 See how the glaring Meteors shine!
 Like baleful Torches, O they come,
 To light dissolving Nature to her Tomb!
 And scatt'ring round their pestilential Rays,
 Strike the affrighted Nations with a wild Amaze.
 Vast Sheets of Flame, and Globes of Fire,
 By an impetuous Wind are driven,
 Thro' all the Regions of the infernal Heaven,
 Till hid in sulph'rous Smoke, they seemingly expire.

III.

Sad and amazing 'tis to see,
 What mad Confusion rages over all
 This scorching Ball!

No Country is exempt, no Nation free,
 But each partakes the Epidemick Misery.
 What dismal Havock of Mankind is made
 By Wars, and Pestilence, and Dearth,
 Thro' the whole mournful Earth ?
 Which with a murdering Fury they invade,
 Forfook by Providence, and all propitious Aid.
 Whilst Fiends let loose, their utmost Rage employ
 To ruin all Things here below ;
 Their Malice and Revenge no Limits know,
 But, in the universal Tumult, all destroy.

IV.

Distracted Mortals from their Cities fly
 For Safety to their Champian Ground,
 But there no Safety can be found ;
 The Vengeance of an angry Deity,
 With unrelenting Fury does inclose them round.
 And whilst for Mercy some aloud implore
 The God, they ridicul'd before ;
 And others raving with their Woe,
 (For Hunger, Thirst, Despair they undergo)
 Blaspheme and curse the Power they should adore.
 The Earth, parch'd up with Drought, her Jaws extend,
 And opening wide a dreadful Tomb,
 The howling Multitude, at once, descends,
 Together all into her burning Womb.

V.

The trembling Alps abscond their aged Heads
 In mighty Pillars of Infernal Smoke,
 Which from their bellowing Caverns broke,

124 POMPRET'S POEMS.

And suffocates whole Nations where it spreads.

Sometimes the Fire within divides

The massy Rivers of those secret Chains,

Which hold together their prodigious Sides,

And hurls the shatter'd Rocks o'er all the Plains,

While Towns and Cities, ev'ry Thing below,

Is overwhelm'd with the same Burst of Woe.

VI.

No Showers descend from the malignant Sky,

To cool the Burnings of the thirsty Field ;

The Trees no Leaves, no Grass the Meadows yield,

But all is barren, all is dry,

The little Rivulets no more

To larger Streams their Tribute pay,

Nor to the ebbing Ocean, they

Which with a strange unusual Roar,

Forfakes those antient Bounds it would have pass'd before,

And to the monstrous Deep in vain retires ;

For ev'n the Deep itself is not secure,

But belching subterraneous Fires,

Increases still the scalding Calenture,

Which neither Earth, nor Air, nor Water can endure.

VII.

The Sun by Sympathy concern'd,

At those Convulsions, Pangs, and Agonies,

Which on the whole Creation seize,

Is to substantial Darkness turn'd.

The neighb'ring Moon, as if a purple Flood

O'erflow'd her tottering Orb, appears

Like a huge Mass of black corrupting Blood ;

For she herself a Dissolution fears.

The

POMFRET'S POEMS. 125

The larger Planets, which once shone so bright,
 With the reflected Rays of borrow'd Light,
 Shook from their Center, without Motion lie,
 Unweibly Globes of solid Night,
 And ruinous Lumber of the Sky.

VIII.

Amidst this dreadful Hurricane of War,
 (For Fire, Confusion, Horror and Despair,
 Fill ev'ry Region of the tortur'd Earth and Air;)
 The great Archangel his loud Trumpet blows,
 At whose amazing Sound, fresh Agonies
 Upon expiring Nature seize;
 For now she'll in few Minutes know
 Th' ultimate Event and Fate of all below.
 Awake, ye Dead, awake he cries,
 For all must come,
 All that had Human Breath, arise,
 To hear your last unalterable Doom.

IX.

At this the ghastly Tyrant, who had sway'd
 So many thousand Ages unconquer'd,
 No longer could his Scepter hold,
 But gave up all, and was himself a Captive made.
 The scatter'd Particles of Human Clay,
 Which in the silent Grave's dark Chambers lay,
 Resume their pristine Form and age,
 And now from mortal grow immortal Men.

As 2

Suspicious

Stupendous Energy of sacred Pow'r,
 Which can collect, where-ever cast;
 The smallest Atoms, and that Shape restore,
 Which they had worn so many Years before,
 Tho' thro' strange Accidents and numerous Changes past.

X.

See how the joyful Angels fly
 From ev'ry Quarter of the Sky;
 To gather, and to convoy all
 The pious Sons of Human Race,
 To one capacious Place,
 Above the Confines of this flaming Ball.
 See with what Tenderness and Love they bear
 Those righteous Souls thro' the tumultuous Air;
 Whilst the Ungodly stand below,
 Raging with Shame, Confusion and Despair,
 Amidst the burning Overthrow,
 Expecting fiercer Torments, and acuter Woe.
 Round them Infernal Spirits howling fly;
 O Horror, Curses, Tortures, Chains, they cry,
 And roar aloud with execrable Blasphemy.

XI.

Hark how the daring Sons of Infamy,
 Who once dissolv'd in Pleasures lay,
 And laugh'd at this tremendous Day,
 To Rocks and Mountains now to hide 'em cry;
 But Rocks and Mountains all in Ashes lie.
 Their Shame's so mighty, and so strong their Fear,
 That rather than appear
 Before a God incens'd, they would be har'd
 Amongst the burning Ruins of the World.

And lie conceal'd, if possible, for ever there.
 Time was, they would not own a Deity;
 Nor after Death a future State;
 But now, by sad Experience, find too late,
 There is, and terrible to that Degree,
 That, rather than behold his Face, they'd cease to be.
 And sure 'tis better, if Heav'n would give Consent,
 To have no Being; but they must remain
 For ever, and for ever be in Pain.
 O inexpressible stupendous Punishment,
 Which cannot be endur'd, yet must be underwent.

XII.

But now, the Eastern Skies expanding wide,
 The glorious Judge Omnipotent descends,
 And to the Sublunary World his Passage bends;
 Where, cloath'd with Human Nature, he did once reside.
 Round him the bright Ethereal Armies fly,
 And loud triumphant *Hallelujahs* sing,
 With Songs of Praise, and Hymns of Victory
 To their Celestial King,
 All Glory, Pow'r, Dominion, Majesty,
 Now, and for everlasting Ages be,
 To the Essential *One*, and Coeternal *Three*.
 Perish that World, as 'tis decreed,
 Which saw the God Incarnate bleed!
 Perish by thy Almighty Vengeance those,
 Who durst thy Person, or thy Laws expose.
 The cursed Refuse of Mankind, and Hell's proud Seed
 Now to the unbelieving Nations show,
 Thou art a God from all Eternity;
 Not titular, or but by Office so;

And

128 **POMFRET'S POEMS.**

And let 'em the mysterious Union see,
Of Human Nature with the Deity.

XIII.

With mighty Transports, yet with awful Fear,
The Good behold this glorious Sight,
Their God in all his Majesty appears,
Ineffable, amazing bright,
And seated on a Throne of everlasting Light.
Round the Tribunal, next to the most High,
In sacred Discipline and Order stand,
The Pious and Princes of the Sky,
As they excel in Glory or Command.
Upon the Right-hand that illustrious Crowd,
In the white Bosom of a shining Cloud,
Whose Souls abhorring all ignoble Crimes,
Did with a steady Course pursue
His holy Precepts, in the worst of Times
Maugre what Earth, or Hell, what Men or Devils could do,
And now that God they did to Death adore,
For whom such Torments and such Pains they bore,
Returns to place them on those Thrones above,
Where undisturb'd, uncloy'd, they will possess
Divine substantial Happiness,
Unbounded as his Pow'r, and lasting as his Love.

XIV.

Go bring, the Judge impartial, frowning cries,
Those Rebel Sons, who did my Laws despise;
Whom neither Threat nor Promises could move,
Not all my Sufferings, nor all my Love,
To save themselves from everlasting Miseries.

At this, ten Millions of Archangels flew
 Swifter than Light'ning, or the swiftest Thought,
 And less than in an Instant brought,
 The wretched, curs'd, infernal Crew,
 Who wish distorted Aspects come,
 To hear their sad intolerable Doom.
 Alas! they cry, one Beam of Mercy show,
 Thou all-forgiving Deity!
 To pardon Crimes is natural to thee;
 Crush us to nothing, or suspend our Woe:
 But if it cannot, cannot be,
 And we must go into a Gulph of Fire,
 (For who can with Omnipotence contend?)
 Grant, for thou art a God, it may at last expire,
 And all our Tortures have an End.
 Eternal Burnings, O we cannot bear!
 Tho' now our Bodies too Immortal are,
 Let 'em be pungent to the last Degree;
 And let our Pains innumerable be,
 But let 'em not extend to all Eternity.

XV.

Lo now, there does no Place remain
 For Penitence and Tears, but all
 Must by their Actions stand or fall:
 To hope for Pity is in vain,
 The Dye is cast, and not to be recall'd again.
 Two mighty Books are by two Angels brought,
 In this, impartially recorded, stands
 The Laws of Nature, and Divine Commands,

130 POMPHREY'S POEMS

In that, each Action, Word and Thought,
 What'er was said in secret, or in secret wrought.

Then first the virtuous and the Good,
 Who all the Fury of Temptation stood,
 And bravely pass'd thro' Ignominy, Chains and Blood;
 Attended by their Guardian Angels, come,
 To the tremendous Bar of final Doom.
 In vain the grand Accuser railing brings,
 A long Indictment of enormous Things,
 Whose Guilt wip'd off by penitential Tears,
 And their Redeemer's Blood and Agonies,
 No more to their Astonishment appears,
 But in the secret Womb of dark Oblivion lies.

XVI.

Come now, my Friends, he cries, ye Sons of Grace,
 Partakers once of all my Wrongs and Shame,
 Despis'd and hated for my Name.
 Come to your Saviour's, and your God's Embrace!
 Ascend, and those bright Diadems possess;
 For you, by my Eternal Father made,
 E'er the Foundation of the World was laid;
 And that surprizing Happiness,
 Immense as my own God-head, and will ne'er be less.
 For when I languishing in Prison lay,
 Naked and starv'd almost for Want of Bread,
 You did your kindly Visits pay,
 Both cloath'd my Body, and my Hunger fed.
 Wearied with Sickness, or oppress'd with Grief,
 Your Hand was always ready to supply:
 When'er I wanted, you were always by,
 To share my Sorrows, or to give Relief,

In

In all Distress, so tender was your Love,
 I could no anxious Trouble bear,
 No black Misfortune, or vexatious Care,
 But you were still impatient to remove,
 And mourn'd your charitable Hand should unsuccessful
 All this you did, tho' not to me {prove,
 In Person, yet to mine in Misery:
 And shall for ever live }
 In all the Glories that a God can give,
 Or a created Being's able to receive. }

XVII.

At this, the Architects Divine on high
 Innumerable Thrones of Glory sit
 On which they, in appointed Order, place
 The Human Coheirs of Eternity:
 And with united Hymns the God Incarnate praise:
 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
 Eternal God, Almighty One,
 Be thou for ever, and be thou alone,
 By all thy Creatures constantly ador'd!
 Ineffable Coequal Three,
 Who from Non-entity gave Birth
 To Angels and to Men, to Heaven and to Earth;
 Yet always was thyself, and will for ever be.
 But for thy Mercy, we had ne'er possess'd
 These Thrones, and this innumerable Felicity,
 Cou'd ne'er have been so infinitely blest:
 Therefore all Glory, Power, Dominion, Majesty,
 To thee, O Lamb of God, to thee, }
 For ever, longer than for ever be. }

XVIII. Then

XVIII.

Then the Incarnate God-head turns his Face
 To those upon the Left, and cries,
 (Almighty Vengeance flashing in his Eyes)
 Ye impious, unbelieving Race,
 To those Eternal Torments go,
 Prepar'd for those rebellious Sons of Light,
 In burning Darkness, and in flaming Night;
 Which shall no Limit or Cessation know,
 But always are extream, and always will be so.
 The final Sentence pass'd, a dreadful Cloud,
 Inclosing all the miserable Crowd,
 A mighty Hurricane of Thunder rose,
 And hurl'd 'em all into a Lake of Fire,
 Which never, never, never can expire:
 The vast Abyss of endless Woes.
 Whilst with their God, the Righteous mount on high,
 In glorious Triumph passing thro' the Sky,
 To Joys immense, and everlasting Extasy.

F I N I S.

REMAINS

Of the REVEREND

Mr. POMFRET.

The FOURTH EDITION.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year M.DCC.XXXVI.

MEMORANDUM

TO THE SECRETARY

FROM THE SECRETARY

RE: [illegible]



FOR THE SECRETARY

[illegible signature]

CRITICAL

Some Account of Mr. POMFRET, and his WRITINGS.

THE Two following Pieces are the only Poetical Remains of the Reverend Mr. Pomfret, and were lately found among some other of his Papers, of a private Nature, in the Custody of an intimate Friend.

The *First* of them, intitled *Reason*, was wrote by him in the Year 1700, when the Debates concerning the *Doctrine* of the *Trinity* were carried on with so much Heat by the Clergy one against another, that King *William* was obliged to interpose his Royal Authority, by putting an End to that pernicious Controversy, thro' an Act of Parliament strictly forbidding any Persons whatever to publish their Notions on this Subject. It is indeed a severe, tho' very just Satyr upon the Antagonists engaged in that Dispute, and was published by Mr. Pomfret at the Time it was wrote: But the not inserting of it among his other Poems, when he collected them into a Volume, was on Account of his having received very signal Favours from some of the Persons therein mentioned. But *They*, as well as *He*, being now dead, it is hoped that the Revival of it at this Juncture will answer the same good Purposes intended by the Author in its Original Composition.

The other (intitled, *Dies Novissima*: Or, the *Last Epiphany*. A Pindarick Ode, on *Christ's* Second Appearance to judge the World.) is now printed from a Manuscript under his own Hand. It must be indeed

*** Some Account of Mr. Pomfret,**

confessed, that many excellent Pens have exercised their Talents upon this Subject; but yet, notwithstanding the different Manner in which they have treated it, I dare say there will be found such a Holy Warmth animating this Piece throughout, that, as *the Guardian* has observed of *Divine Poetry*, we shall find a Kind of Refuge in our Pleasure, and our Diversion will become our Safety.

Having thus given a faithful Account of these valuable Remains, there is another natural Piece of Justice still due to the Memory of the Author. In the first Place, by giving some Account of his Family, to clear him from the Aspersions of *Fanaticism*, which has been generally cast on him thro' a notorious Mistake; and in the next Place, to defend the Genuineness of his Writings from the injurious Treatment of those, who have either thro' Malice or Ignorance ascribed some of them to other Persons.

The true Account of his Family is as follows, *viz.* Mr. Pomfret's Father was Rector of *Luton* in *Bedfordshire*, and himself was preferred to the Living of *Malden* in the same County. He was liberally educated at an eminent Grammar School in the Country, from whence he was sent to the University of *Cambridge*, but of what College he was entered I know not. There he wrote most of his Poetical Compositions, took the Degree of Master of Arts, and very early accomplished himself in most Kinds of polite Literature.

It was shortly after his leaving the University, that he was preferred to the Living of *Malden* above-mentioned; and so far was he from being the least tinctured with *Fanaticism*, that I have often heard him express his Abhorrence of the destructive Tenets maintained by those People, both against our *Religious* and *Civil Rights*.

This

and his Writings.

This Imputation, it seems, was cast on him by there having been one of his Sur-name, tho' not any way related to him; a Dissenting Teacher, who died not long ago *: So far distant from the Accusation were the Principals of this excellent Man.

About the Year 1703, Mr. Pomfret came up to London for Institution and Induction into a very considerable Living; but was retarded for some Time, by a Disgust taken by Dr. Henry Compton, then Bishop of London, at these Four Lines, in the Close of his Poem intitled the Choice.

*And as I near approach'd the Verge of Life,
Some kind Relation (for I'd have no Wife)
Should take upon him all my Worldly Care,
While I did for a better State prepare.*

The Parents, in these Verses, was so maliciously represented to the Bishop, that his Lordship was given to understand, it could bear no other Construction, than that Mr. Pomfret preferred a *Mistress* before a *Wife*, tho' I think the Contrary is self-evident, the Verses implying no more, than the Preference of a *Single Life* to *Marriage*; unless his Brethren of the Gown will assert, that an unmarried Clergyman cannot live without a *Mistress*. But the worthy Prelate was soon convinced of the prepossession Malice of Mr. Pomfret's Enemies towards him, he being at that Time married. But their Base Opposition of his deserved Merit, had in some Measure its Effect; for by the Obstructions he met with, and the *Small Pox* being at that Time very rife, he sickened of them, and died in London in the 36th Year of his Age.

* Mr. Samuel Pomfret, who published some *Reflections*, upon Spiritual Subjects, as they are pleased to call them.

VI Some Account of Mr. Pomfret, &c.

The ungenerous Treatment he has since met with in Regard to his *Poetical Compositions*, is in a Book intitled *Poems by the Earl of Roscommon and Mr. Duke* †, in the Preface to which, the Publisher has peremptorily inserted the following Paragraph, *In this Collection (says he) of my Lord Roscommon's Poems; Care has been taken to insert all that I could possibly procure, that are truly genuine; there having been several Things published under his Name, which were written by others, the Authors of which, I could set down if it were material.* Now this arrogant Editor would have been more just both to the Publick and to the Earl of Roscommon's Memory, in telling us *what Things* had been published under his Lordship's Name by *others*, than by concealing the *Authors* of any such gross *Impositions*: Instead of which, he is so much a Stranger to *Impartiality*, that he has been guilty of the very Crime he exclaims against; for he has not only attributed the *Prospect of Death* to the Earl of Roscommon, which was wrote by Mr. Pomfret many Years after his Lordship's Decease: But likewise another Piece intitled, *The Prayer of Jeremy paraphrased, prophetically representing the passionate Grief of the Jewish People for the Loss of their Town and Sanctuary.* Written by Mr. Southcott, a worthy Gentleman now living, who first published It himself in the Year 1717 *. So that it is to be hoped in a future Edition of the Earl of Roscommon's and Mr. Duke's Poems, the same Care will be taken to do these Gentlemen Justice, as to prevent any other Person from hereafter injuring the Memory of his Lordship.

PHILALETHERS.

† Printed for Jacob Tonson, 1717. Octavo.

* See *Miscellaneous Poems and Translations.* Printed for Bernard Lintot, Octavo.

REASON:



REASON:

A

POEM.

UNhappy Man! who thro' successive Years,
From early Youth to Life's last Childhood errs;
No sooner born, but proves a Foe to Truth;
For Infant Reason is o'erpower'd in Youth:
The Cheats of Sense will half our Learning share;
And Pre-Conceptions all our Knowledge are.
Reason, 'tis true, should over Sense preside,
Correct our Notions, and our Judgment guide;
But false Opinion, rooted in the Mind,
Hoodwink the Soul, and keep our *Reason* blind.
Reason's a Taper, which but faintly burns,
A languid Flame, that glows, and dies by Turns;
We see'r a little while, and but a little Way,
We travel by its Light, as Men by Day:

But

THE SUN'S RISE

But quickly dying, it forsakes us soon,
Like morning Stars, that never stay 'till Noon.

The Soul can scarce above the Body rise,
And all we see is with Corporeal Eyes;
Life now does scarce one Glimpse of Light display,
We moune in Darkness, and despair of Day;
That nat'ral Light, once dress'd with Orient Beams,
Is now diminish'd, and a Twilight seems,
A miscellaneous Composition made,
Of Night and Day, of Sun-shine, and of Shade.
Thro' an uncertain *Medium* now we look,
And find that *Falshood*, which for *Truth* we took.
So Rays projected from the *Eastern Skies*,
Shew the false Day before the Sun can rise.

That little Knowledge now which Man obtains,
From outward Objects, and from Sense he gains;
He, like a wretched Slave, must plod and sweat,
By Day must toil, by Night that Toil repeat;
And yet at last, what little Fruit he gains?
A Beggar's Harvest glean'd with mighty Pains.

The Passions still predominant will rule,
Ungovern'd, rude, not bred in *Reason's* School;
Our Understanding they with Darkness fill,
Cause strong Corruptions, and pervert the Will;
On these the Soul, as on some flowing Tide,
Must sit, and on the raging Billows ride.

Hurry'd

POMERET'S POEMS.

Hurry'd away, for how can be withstood
Th' impetuous Torrent of the boiling Blood?
Begone, false Hopes, for all our Learning's vain,
Can we be free, where these the Rule maintain?
These are the Tools of Knowledge which we use;
The Spirits heated, will strange Things produce;
Tell me whoe'er the Passions could controul,
Or from the Body disengage the Soul?
'Till this is done, our best Pursuits are vain
To conquer Truth, and unmix'd Knowledge gain:
Thro' all the bulky Volumes of the Dead,
And thro' those Books that modern Times have bred,
With Pain we travel, as thro' moorish Ground,
Where scarce one useful Plant is ever found;
O'er-run with Errors which so thick appear,
Our Search proves vain, no Spark of Truth is there.

What's all the noisy Jargon of the Schools,
But idle Nonsense of laborious Fools?
Who fetter *Reason* with perplexing Rules.
What in AQUINAS, bulky Works are found,
Does not enlighten *Reason*, but confound.
Who travels SCRIPTURE swelling Tomes, shall find
A Cloud of Darkness rising on the Mind.
In controverted Points can *Reason* sway,
When Passion or Conceit still hurries us away?
Thus his new Notions SHERLOCK would instill,
And clear the greatest Mysteries at Will.
But by unlucky Wit perplex'd them more,
And made them darker than they were before.

South

PAMPHLET'S PERMITS

SOUTH soon oppos'd him out of Christian Zeal,
 Shewing how well he could dispute and rail:
 How shall we ever discover which is right,
 When both so eagerly maintain the Right?
 Each does the other's Arguments deride,
 Each has the Church, and Scripture on his Side.
 The sharp Ill-natur'd Combat's but a Jest,
 Both may be wrong, one, perhaps, err the least.
 How shall we know which Articles are true,
 The old ones of the Church, or BURNET's new?
 In Paths uncertain, and unsafe he treads,
 Who blindly follows others fertile Heads.
 What sure, what certain Mark have we to know,
 The right or wrong, 'twixt BURGESS, WARE, and HOWE?

Should untun'd Nature crave the *Medic Art*,
 What Health can that contentious Tribe impart?
 Ey'ry Physician writes a diff'rent Bill,
 And gives no other *Reason* but his WILL.
 No longer boast your Art, ye impious Race,
 Let Wars 'twixt ALKALIES and ACIDS cease;
 And proud G—LL with COLBEATCH be at Peace.
 GIBBONS and RADCLIFFE do but rarely guess,
 To-day they've *good*, To-morrow *no* Success.
 Ev'n GARTH and MAURUS sometimes shall prevail,
 When GIBSON, learned HANNES, and TYSON fail;
 And more than once we've seen, that blund'ring S—NE
 Missing the God, by Chance has hit the Stone;

• **St. RICHARD-BLACKMORE.**

The

POPE'S POEMS

The Patient does the lucky Error find,
A Cure he seeks, that not the Cause designs.

Custom, the World's great Idol, we adore,
And knowing this, we seek to know no more:
What Education did at first rectify,
Our ripen'd Age confirms us to believe;
The careful Nurse and Priest, as all we need
To learn Opinions, and our Country's Creed:
The Parents Precepts early are instill'd,
And spoil the Man, while they instruct the Child.
To what hard Fate is Human Kind betray'd,
When thus implicit Faith's a Virtue made?
When Education more than Truth prevails,
And nought is current but what Custom seals.
Thus from the Time we first begin to know,
We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.

We seldom use our Liberty aright,
Nor judge of Things by universal Light;
Our Pre-possessions and Affections bind
The Soul in Chains, and lord it o'er the Mind;
And if Self-Int'rest be but in the Case,
Our unexamin'd Principals may pass.
Good Heavens! that Man should thus himself deceive,
To learn on Credit, and on Trust believe;
Better the Mind no Notions had retain'd,
But still a fair unwritten Blank remain'd;
For now, who Truth from Falshood would discern,
Must first disrobe the Mind, and all unlearn:

Errors

Errors contracted in unmindful Youth,
 When once retriv'd, will smoothe the Way to Truth :
 To dispossess the Child the Mortal lives,
 But Death approaches e'en the Man arrives.

Those who would Learning's glorious Kingdom find,
 The dear-bought Purchase of the Trading Mind,
 From many Dangers must themselves acquit,
 And more than SCYLLA and CHARYBDEES meet ;
 Oh ! what an Ocean must be voyag'd o'er,
 To gain a Prospect of the shining Shore ;
 Resist'g Rocks oppose th' inquiring Soul,
 And adverse Waves retard it as they roll.

Does not that foolish Deference we pay
 To Men that liv'd long since, our Passage stay ?
 What odd prepos't'rous Paths at first we tread ?
 And learn to walk, by stumbling on the Dead.
 First we a Blessing from the Grave implore,
 Worship *Old Urns*, and Monuments adore.
 The rev'rend Sage with vast Esteem we prize,
 He liv'd long since, and must be wond'rous wise ;
 Thus are we Debtors to the famous Dead,
 For all those Errors which their Fancies bred ;
 Errors indeed ! for real Knowledge staid
 With those first Times, nor farther was convey'd ;
 While light Opinions are much lower brought,
 For on the Waves of Ignorance they float :
 But solid Truth scarce ever gains the Shore,
 So soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.

Suppose

POMFRET'S POEMS.

7

Suppose those many dreadful Dangers past,
Will Knowledge dawn, and bless the Mind at last?
Ah! no, 'tis now environ'd from our Eyes,
Hides all its Charms, and undiscover'd lies.
Truth like a single Point escapes the Sight,
And claims Intention to perceive it right;
But what resembles Truth is soon descry'd,
Spread like a Surface and expanded wide.
The first Man rarely, very rarely finds
The tedious Search of long inquiring Minds;
But yet, what's worse, we know not when we err;
What Mark does Truth, what bright Distinction bear?
How do we know, that *what we know* is true?
How shall we Falshood fly, and Truth pursue?
Let none then here his certain Knowledge boast,
'Tis all but *Probability* at most;
This is the easy Purchase of the Mind,
The *Vulgar's Treasure*, which we soon may find;
But *Truth* lies hid, and e'er we can explore
The glittering Gem, our fleeting Life is o'er.



Dies Novissima:

OR, THE
LAST EPIPHANY.

A Pindarick Ode, on CHRIST'S Second
Appearance to judge the World.

I.

A Dieu! ye toyish Reeds, that once could please
My softer Lips, and lull my Cares to Ease;
Begone, I'll waste no more vain Hours with you,
And smiling SYLVIA too, adieu.

A brighter Pow'r invokes my Muse,
And loftier Thoughts and Raptures does infuse.

See! beck'ning from yon Cloud, *He* stands,
And promises Assistance with *his* Hands:

I feel the heavy rolling GOD,
Incumbent, revel in his frail Abode:

How

POMERET'S POEMS.

How my Breast heaves, and Pulses beat!
 I sink, I sink beneath the furious Heat;
 The weighty Bliss o'erwhelms my Breast,
 And over-flowing Joys profusely waste;
 Some nobler Bard, O *Sacred Pow'r*, inspire,
 Or Soul more large, th' Elapses to receive;
 And, brighter yet, to catch the Fire,
 And each gay following Charm, from Death to save.
 —In vain the Suit—the God inflames my Breast,
 I rave, with Extasies oppress'd,
 I rise, the Mountains lessen, and retire,
 And now I mix, unsing'd, with Elemental Fire,
 The *leading DEITY*, I have in view,
 Nor Mortal knows as yet, what Wonders will ensue.

II.

We pass'd thro' Regions of unsully'd Light,
 I gaz'd, and sicken'd at the blissful Sight;
 A shudd'ring Paleness seiz'd my Look,
 At last the Pest flew off, and thus I spoke:
 " Say, *Sacred Guide*, shall this bright Clime
 " Survive the fatal Test of Time;
 " Or perish, with our mortal Globe below,
 " When you *see* no longer shine?
 Straight I smight—veiling low;
 The *Visitory Pow'r* rejoins,
 " 'Tis not for you, to ask, nor mine, to say,
 " The Niceties of that tremendous Day.

10 POMPRET'S POEMS.

- " Know, when o'erjaded Time his Rounds has run,
- " And finish'd are the radiant Journeys of the Sun,
- " The great *Decisive Morn* shall rise,
- " And Heaven's *brigs* JUDGE appear in opening Skies ;
- " Eternal Grace and Justice *He'll* bestow,
- " On all the *trembling World* below.

III.

He said ; I mus'd, and thus return'd,
 What Ensigns, courteous Stranger, tell
 Shall the brooding Day reveal ?

He answer'd mild ———

- " Already, stupid with their Crimes,
- " Blind Mortals, prostrate to their Idols, lie,
- " Such were the boding Times,
- " E'er Ruin blasted from the Sluicy Sky ;
- " Dissolv'd they lay, in fulsome Ease,
- " And revel'd in luxuriant Peace ;
- " In *Bacchanals*, they did their Hours consume,
- " And *Bacchanals* led on, their swift, advancing Dooms

IV.

Adult'rate *CHURCHES* already rise,
 And dare to 'swage the angry Skies ;
 Erratick Throgs, their *Saviour's* Blood deny,
 And from the *Cross*, alas ! *He* does neglected sigh :
 The *Anti-Christian Pow'r* has rais'd his *Hydra-Head*,
 And Ruin, only less than *JESUS*, Health, does spread.

So.

POMFREY'S POEMS.

11

So long the Gore thro' poison'd Veins has flow'd,
That scarcely ranker is a Fury's Blood;
Yet specious Artifice, and fair Disguise,
The Monster's Shape, and curst Designs, belies,
A Fiend's black Venom, in an *Angel's* Mien,
He quassa, and scatters the contagious Spleen;
Straight, when *He* finishes his lawless Reign,
Nature shall paint the shining Scene,
Quick, as the Light'ning, which inspires the Train.

V.

Forward *Confusion* shall provoke the Fray,
And *Nature*, from her ancient Order, stray;
Black Tempests, gath'ring from the Seas around,
In horrid Ranges shall advance,
And as they march, in thickest Sables drown'd,
The rival Thunder from the Clouds shall sound,
And Light'nings join the fearful Dance,
The blust'ring Armies o'er the Skies shall spread,
And universal Terror shed,
Loud issuing Peals, and rising Sheets of Smoke,
Th' encumber'd Region of the Air shall choke;
The noisy Main shall lave the suff'ring Shore,
And from the Rocks the breaking Billows roar;
Black Thunder bursts, blue Light'ning burns,
And melting Worlds to Heaps of Ashes turns;
The Forrests shall beneath the Tempest bend,
And rugged Winds the nodding *Cedars* rend.

VI.

Reverse all Nature's Webbs shall run,
 And spotless *Misrule* all around ;
 Order, its flying Foe, confound,
 Whilst backward all the Threads shall haste to be unspun,
 Triumphant *Chaos*, with his oblique Wand,
 (The Wand, with which, e'er Time begun,
 His wand'ring Slaves he did command,
 And made 'em scamper right, and in rude Ranges run.)
 The hostile Harmony shall chace,
 And as the Nymph resigns her Place,
 And panting to the neighb'ring Refuge flies,
 The formless Russian slaughters with his Eyes,
 And following, storms the perching Dame's Retreat,
 Adding the Terror of his Threat ;
 The Globe shall faintly tremble round,
 And backward jolt, distorted with the Wound.

VII.

Swath'd in substantial Shrowds of Night,
 The sick'ning *Sun* shall from the World retire,
 Stript of his dazzling Robes of Fire,
 Which dangling once, shed round a lavish Flood of Light :
 No frail Eclipse, but all essential Shade,
 Not yielding to primæval Gloom,
 Whilst Day was yet an *Embryo* in the Womb :

Nor

POMFRET'S POEMS. 13

Not glimmering in its Source, with Silver Streamers play'd.
A jessy Mixture of the Darkness spread
O'er murmuring *Egypt's* Head,
And that, which Angels drew
O'er Nature's Face, when *JESUS* dy'd,
Which sleeping Ghosts for this mistook,
And rising, off their hanging Funerals shook,
And fleeting pass'd, expos'd their bloodless Beauties to View,
Yet find it not so dark, and to their Dormitories glide.

VIII.

Now bolder Fires appear;
And o'er the palpable Obscurement sport,
Glaring and gay as falling *LUCIFER*,
Yet mark'd with Fate as when he fled th' *Ethereal Court*;
And plung'd into the op'ning Gulph of Night;
A Sabre of immortal Flame I bore,
And, with this Arm, his flourish'ing Plume I tore,
And straight the Fiend retreated from the Fight.

IX.

Mean time the lambent Prodigies on high,
Take gamefome Measures in the Sky;
Joy'd with his future Feast, the Thunder roars
In Chorus to th' enormous Harmony;
And hollows to his Offspring from sulphurious Stores,
Applauding how they tik, and how they fly,
And their each nimble Turn, and radiant Embassy.

X. The

X.

The Moon turns paler at the Sight,
 And all the *blazing Orbs* deny their Light;
 The *Lightning*, with its *livid Tail*,
 A Train of *glaring Torments* draws behind,
 Which o'er the *tumbling World* prevail,
 Wing'd, and blown on by *Storms of Wind*,
 They shew the hideous Leaps on either Hand
 Of *Night*, that spreads her *Thron Curtains* round,
 And there erects her Royal Stand,
 In seven-fold winding *Jett* her conscious *Temple* bound;

XI.

The *Stars* next flaring from their *Spheres*,
 In giddy *Revelations* leap and bound,
 Whilst *off* with double *Fury* glares,
 And meditates new *Wars*,
 And wheels in sportive *Gyres* around,
 Its Neighbour shall advance to fight,
 And while each offers to enlarge its Right,
 The general *Ruin* shall increase,
 And banish all the *Votaries of Peace*;
 No more the *Stars*, with paler *Beams*,
 Shall tremble o'er the *Midnight Streams*,
 But travel downward to behold,
 What mimicks 'em so twinkling there,
 And, like *Narcissus*, as they gain more near;

For

POMFRET'S POEMS.

19

For the *lov'd Image* straight expire,
And agonize in warm Desire;
Or stake their Lust, as in the Stream they roll.

XII.

Whilst the World burns, and all the Orbs below,
In their viperous Ruins glow,
They sink, and unsupported leave the Skies,
Which fall abrupt, and tell their Torment in the Noise,
Then see th' *Almighty JUDGES*, sedate and bright,
Cloath'd in Imperial Robes of Light,
His Wings the Wind, rough Storms the Chariot bear,
And nimbler Harbingers before him fly,
And with officious Rudeness brush the Air,
Halt as he halts, then doubling in their Flight,
In horrid Sport with one another vie,
And leave behind quick-winding Tracts of Light;
Then urging, to their Ranks they close,
And shiv'ring, lest they start, a *sailing Caravan* compose.

XIII.

The *mighty JUDGE* rides in tempestuous State,
Whilst menial Guards of Flame his Orders wait.
His waving Vestments shine,
Bright as the *Sun*, which lately did its Beams resign,
And burnish'd Wreaths of Light shall make his Form
divine,
Strong Beams of Majesty around his Temples play,
And the transcendent Gaiety of his Face ally,

File

16 POMFREY'S POEMS.

His Father's reverend Character he'll wear,
 And both o'erwhelm with Light, and over-awe with
 Myriads of Angels shall be there, [Feet :
 And I, perhaps, close the tremendous Rear ;
 Angels, the first and fairest Sons of Day,
 Clad with eternal Youth, and, as their Vestments, gay.

XIV.

Nor, for Magnificence alone,
 To brighten and enlarge the radiant Scene,
 Shall we encircle his more dazzling Throne,
 And swell the Lustre of his pompous Train :
 The nimble Ministers of Bliss or Woe
 We shall attend, and save, or deal the Blow,
 As He admits to Joy, or bids to Pain.

XV.

The welcome News
 Thro' ev'ry Angel's Breast fresh Raptures shall diffuse,
 The Day is come,
 When Satan, with his Pow'rs, shall sink to endless Doom ;
 No more shall we his hostile Troops pursue
 From Cloud to Cloud, nor the long Flight renew.

XVI.

Then RAPHAEL, big with Life, the Trump shall sound ;
 From falling Spheres the joyful Musick shall rebound,
 And Seas and Shores shall catch and propagate it sound ;
 Louder

POMFRET'S POEMS.

17

Louder he'll blow, and it shall speak more shrill,
 Than when from *Sinai's* Hill,
 In Thunder, thro' the horrid redd'ning Smoke,
 TH' ALMIGHTY spoke;
 We'll shout around with martial Joy,
 And thrice the vaulted Skies shall rend, and thrice our Shouts
 Then first th' *Arch-Angel's* Voice aloud, [reply,
 Shall cheerfully salute the Day and Throng,
 And *Hallelujahs* fill the Crowd,
 And I, perhaps, shall close the Song.

XVII.

From its long Sleep all Human Race shall rise,
 And see the *Morn*, and *JUDGE* advancing in the Skies,
 To their old Tenements the *Souls* return,
 Whilst down the Steep of Heav'n as swift the *JUDGE* de-
 These look illustrious bright, no more to mourn, [scends;
 Whilst, see! distracted Looks yon stalking Shade attend;
 The *Saints* no more shall conflict on the Deep,
 Nor rugged Waves insult the lab'ring Ship;
 But from the Wreck in Triumph they arise,
 And borne to *Bliss*, shall tread *Empyrean* Skies.

F I N I S.

